

The Girl With a Punch By Ike Swift

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Photo by Bushnell: San Francisco.

A PYRAMID OF BEAUTY.

THE MERRY LAUGHING FACES OF THE CHARMING WASHINGTON SOCIETY BELLES.



RICHARD K. FOX,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Saturday, February 24, 1906

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FREE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE:
HONEY MELLODY, Welterweight Boxer.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

MISCELLANEOUS SPORTS.

Carl Ludgren has signed with the Chicago Club for 1906.

Pitcher Nick Altrock has resigned from the Chicago White Sox.

The Detroit Club has received the signed contract of the clever young outfielder, Tyrus Cobb.

Sphinx, 2:30½, is dead. He was a son of Electioneer, and had 110 standard performances to his credit.

Catcher Schreckengost is in receipt of a stipulated sum monthly from the Athletic Club to tide him over the winter.

The Tri-state League has decided to take on no more contract jumpers, but will still hustle for players reserved by the big clubs.

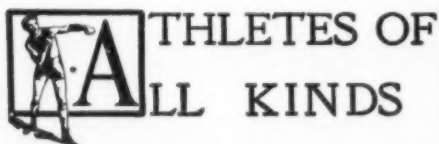
J. Pierpont Morgan has subscribed \$500 toward the fund to send the American athletes to the Olympic Games, this Spring, in Athens, Greece.

Button, 2:13½, the fast Montana-bred mare that was unable to race last year, is said to be going sound, and will be trained for the coming season.

Hoppe and Slosson have been matched at 500 points at 18.1 ball-line billiards for the world's championship. The game will be played in the Madison Square Concert Hall, New York, on March 27, at 8 P. M.

PHOTOGRAPHS

OF
Bicyclists,
Swimmers,
Strong Men,
Runners and



ATHLETES OF
ALL KINDS

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS CONCERNING THE DOINGS OF VAUDEVILLE PEOPLE

Here Can be Found Many Crisp Items Which Will Interest
Performers as Well as Theatregoers.

PROFESSIONALS ARE REQUESTED TO SEND IN PHOTOS

Short Paragraphs of Vaudevillians and Their Acts are Requested for Publication
on This Page—Also Company Rosters and Routes.

C. J. Sassaria has opened an electric theatre, in Bellaire, O.

Ed and Nettie Massey returned recently from Havana, Cuba.

Weston and Adams, "Destroyers of the English Language," have joined Gus Hill's "Happy

Sommers and Winters are meeting with big success playing the middle West.

Will Frank, the Oregon basso, joined Gorton's Minstrels at Michigan City, Ind.

Von, the Human Serpent, closed a successful engagement on the Middle West circuit, playing



THE BICYCLE GIRL.

She's a Parisian Beauty, of course. You Can Tell That by the Cigarette, also by the Airy Summer Costume. P. S.—It's only a Stage Suit, anyhow.

Hooligan" Company, and report success introducing their well known specialty in the second act.

Steinert and Thomas are doing very well in their new act, "That Little German Band," and will soon open on the Kohl & Castle circuit.

Jack Diamond is now being featured with Richardson's National Stock Company. He is scoring a big hit with his impersonations and character songs, and is booked solid until April 9.

Adgie and her lions are still winning honors in Mexico. It is said that numerous bull fighters have acknowledged that Adgie's daring is remarkable, and that her act surpasses the bull fighter's work in the amount of danger incurred.

The Deloys, Eddie, Tolla and Myrtle, are filling some good time in the South, and will soon play six weeks over the Jackson middle West circuit. They report that their act, "Snorky," is a success everywhere. Their new act, "The Frolic of Fritz," will be a much stronger one, introducing entirely new ideas.

Gus Sun, of Springfield, O., and O. G. Murray, Richmond, Ind., have leased two new theatres, to be modern in every detail. These houses, when completed, will be the finest family vaudeville theatres in the State of Ohio. One is to be built at Lima, O., the other at Newark, O., both to open April 1, 1906. Sun & Murray now have a circuit comprising nine theatres.

two weeks in nearly every house. He is engaged as a special vaudeville feature with Rae's Company.

Sid Winters and Eddy Higgins are doing nicely with their new act, and were a decided success at the Grand, Joliet, Ill. They are booked far ahead.

Garden and Somers are with Haverly's Minstrels, and their act has been successful from Coast to Coast. Mrs. Perrin Somers (Tillie Storke) is doing nicely with Clark's "Runaway Girls" Company.

Harry Feldman, now with the Myrtle-Harder Company (Eastern), after this season will again join his former partner, Jack Ball, who, with Eva Sargent, is with the Neary Stock Company. The act will be known as the Feldman and Ball Trio.

The Great Lynch will have a new act this year, under the title of Lynch and Rauletta, society gymnasts. He is the originator of trick unicycle riding and forward somersault on a swinging wire. Special scenery and new costumes are to be used in this act. He will sail for South Africa early in November, to fill a six months' contract with Harry Rickards.

A Vaudeville combine, embracing the United States and part of Canada, has been formed under the title of the International Theatrical Company. The headquarters will be at Chicago, with offices at New York and San Francisco. The circuits represented are the Bijou, of Wisconsin and Michigan; the Sullivan,

Considine & Ryan, the Nash, the Crystal the Mozart, the Pennsylvania Family Theatrical, the Levy and the Weston. It will take ninety weeks to cover the circuit.

Frank L. Perry, violinist, is playing on the Nash vaudeville circuit, and meeting with success.

Milaco and Idalene report big success in their new act, and are rapidly filling time for same.

King Kollins, who is now working alone, doing a high class banjo act, is booked solid until May.

M. Ross is no longer in the hotel business and is going back into vaudeville for the rest of the season.

John and Mamie Conroy are producing their singing and soft and wooden shoe dancing specialty.

Earle Flynn, who joined Beach & Bowers' Minstrels at Cedar Rapids, Ia., is doing well, as is also the company.

Binney and Chapman are playing the Jones & O'Brien Wisconsin circuit, booked by the Managers' Association.

Musical Nalon, "Electrical Musical Wonder," is playing the Sullivan & Considine circuit. He is booked solid to the Coast.

Will and May Reno are booked for fifteen weeks on the Western and Goldsmith circuits, through the Northwest and California.

Barry and Wolford are with Butler, Jacobs & Lowery's Century Girls Company. Next season they will go back to vaudeville.

The team known as Melrose and Graham will hereafter be known as Billy and Edith Graham, and are booked solid until May.

Hugh Connelly and Mae Rowe have dissolved partnership. Mr. Connelly will work alone, doing his original specialty, introducing his dancing in wooden shoes.

Lake Minnequa Park, Pueblo, Colo., is under the management of Joseph D. Glass, who will make many improvements, including the installation of new devices.

Sie Hasson Ben Ali's Toofoonin Troupe of Arabs began a seven weeks' engagement with the Orrin Brothers, in Mexico, Jan. 22, and were greeted with storms of applause.

George F. Carroll and Charles Dunn report meeting with success on the Keystone & Desta circuit, in their rapid fire singing and talking specialty, and are booking their time up rapidly.

Hardy, high rope performer, who is again in England, has decided to return in the Spring, having secured return dates at several of the parks and fairs, at which he was engaged.

The Three Jacksons (Andrew, Ollie and Glenn), physical culture exponents, have just completed very successful engagements (return dates) on the Orpheum, Kohl-Castle, Hopkins and Anderson circuits.

Blair and McNulty have closed with the New Era Company, and will shortly produce their new act, written by Hal Blair, entitled "Miss McCracken's Fiancee," for which they are booked for twenty-one weeks in the West.

Somers and Law, who have only recently joined hands, report doing exceptionally well with their German comedy, entitled "Mr. Auto, from Mobile." They have several Sunday nights in New York, also some weeks near the city.

Stutzman and Blix, who are meeting with great success with their new sketch, "An Awful Case," are booked in the best parks for the Summer. They have signed for a new musical comedy for next season, to do their specialty and play principal parts.

Lillian Doherty, of the Doherty Sisters, is leading Jack Mason's Society Belles Company, and Anna Doherty is the soubrette with Lew Fields' Company in "It Happened in Nordland." Both report big success, and will rejoin each other for next season.

H. H. Felber, the European booking manager of the B. F. Keith International circuit of theatrical enterprises is now in Europe in search of attractions. He is expected back early in March. Paul Durand, late of Marinelli's is Mr. Felber's New York representative.

Bell and Richards have adopted black face at the suggestion of several managers, and have gained considerably from the way the act has improved. Miss Richards states that she is the first to adopt a husar uniform in the finish, making the act very bright and snappy.

Toner and Gennell will play the New England circuit until the opening of the parks, when they will continue with park booking. Their new act is a big success. Mr. Toner was formerly with the Tod Judge Family, and has joined hands with his old partner, George Gennell.

The team of Beaumont and Hayward, The Hebrew Count and the Sport, have dissolved partnership, by mutual consent. Mr. Hayward is at his home in Rutland, Vt., getting up minstrel shows for fraternal orders throughout the State. Mr. Beaumont is at present engaged at the Earl Theatre, Pueblo, Colo., singing illustrated songs, until May 1.

TO WIN AT POKER

Is easy if you have a copy of POKER; How to Win. It contains many valuable tips, useful to all who like the game. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM

The Athletic and Ingenious Bag Punching Girl Who Was an Ace-high Meal Ticket.

HOW SHE BEAT HER WAY TO FREEDOM

A Boxing Bout in a Paris Theatre That Was Supposed to be an Exhibition, But Which Was the Real Thing.

No. 17.



IKE SWIFT.

that. If some one would sit down beside me for an hour or so—that is, some one who knew—and tell me nice little stories about all of the girls—or shall I say ladies?—with that show, I am quite sure I would have enough material to last me for a good many weeks to come, and it wouldn't be scandal, either. I should leave that for the religious papers and a few of the sanctimonious dailies.

But it happens that just now I have only one good card up my sleeve, so I'll play that for all it is worth, and then wait for something else to leak out and find its way to the mahogany desk where I do stunts like this one.

You will have noticed if you have seen the show, one of the young women who is a bit more athletic than the others. She has a fist that can hand out a scientific punch and an arm to back it up. She wears tights with the rest of the crowd and doesn't attract special attention until the olio is put on, and then she shines forth as a specialist. She punches the bag in a manner that is truly marvelous, and what she doesn't do to that pear-shaped leather pendant couldn't be done by anybody, man or woman.

The medals dancing on her chest as she uppercuts and swings would signify that she is an artiste of more than usual merit, and the self-assurance and confidence she displays during the brief time she is on shows that she is quite sure of herself and that she knows the business from the make-up box to the bow at the finish.

Now a few turns of the leaves of the calendar backwards, a wiping out of recent years, and you are at the beginning of the story. Not in New York, but in Ohio—the finish is in the big city, as all good finishes are.

A good-looking, rugged girl was there; a normal girl, whose only heritage was health, strength and ambition, which, by the way, in many cases, is better than money. She took in all the shows that came to town, and had about as good a time as any other girl could have under the circumstances. She didn't get stage struck. She had no ambition to sing or dance before the public, nor did she give a rap about Romeo and Juliet. Nothing like that for her.

You see her time hadn't come and she had not yet struck her gait.

The first intimation she had that she was stung with the theatrical bee was when she saw a bag punching act in which the man made many misses, but faked it through so that it looked like the real thing.

That was what she had been waiting for all that time and she never knew it. The next day she bought a bag, had a platform rigged up and started in to practice. She worked in a woodshed, I think it was, with no one to teach her, and she hammered and punched until she was about ready to drop from exhaustion, but she never gave up. She would travel anywhere to see a bag punching act and get a few tips, and although there were not many in the business at that time, especially out in Ohio, the few she did land told

IT'S A CINCH TO WIN

When you play poker if you will study the game. Get that great little book *Poker; How to Win, and Look it Over*. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

THERE was no reason why they should have called the play "The Casino Girls" except that it might have sounded attractive to the out-of-town people, and the word Casino, in the mind of the average manager, is always good for the money. But it is a good show, nevertheless, with lots of nice girls in tights and spangles, and you can spend two hours there about as well as you can anywhere.

But this isn't to be a story about a show in general, nor is it written with the object of handing a bouquet to the estimable gentleman who has the "Casino Girls" under his wing. He has troubles of his own, but he is paid for

that. She had reached that stage when she was fairly good, but didn't know it, when there blew into the town a 120-pound boxer of about the fourth class who could pound the leather just enough to get a salary that would pay his board and buy a few drinks, but the fact that he was a bag puncher was enough for her, so she made his acquaintance and hustled him around to her improvised gymnasium to show her what he knew. To her surprise there was nothing in his routine that she wasn't familiar with, and when she went at the bag herself she did a few stunts that made him open his eyes in amazement.

"Who put you next to that?" he asked.

"No one; I learned it myself."

"Ever do an act?" was the next question he shot at her.

He had a quick mind—anybody has who knocks around on the road for a few seasons—and he was already beginning to figure.

"No, but some day when I get good I am going

to be known. The first step had been made, and it became a comparatively easy thing to get booking in Europe.

The skate she was tied to began to swell up a bit, and during the seven days they were on the ship bound for Liverpool he got it into his head that he was the real one and that she was a side issue.

"Don't ever forget," he said to her when they reached London, "that I am the real fellow. I dug you out of a woodshed and put you where you are now and if you try to get away with me, I'll send you back there, and I'll get another one just as good as you are."

He thought he was the real candy boy, and he started in to cut a wide swath. He chased every petticoat that came along, blew in their joint salary at the cafes, and the only time she saw him was when they were doing their act.

In Berlin she happened to walk in the cafe connected with the music hall at which they were working, and she saw him sitting at one of the tables trying to fill a 100-pound blonde with Rhine wine.

"Don't you think it is about time to cut this out," she asked.

"Didn't I tell you to keep away from me and not butt in where you're not wanted," he said.

"Yes; but I think I have something to say. I'm not a wooden image, am I?"

"Who is this woman?" asked the blonde, languidly.

"I'm his wife, if you want to know," was the retort, "and anyone would think you had no home by the way you hang around here."

"Tell her to go away; she annoys me."

That was enough for the girl. With one swift jerk the blonde was pulled to her feet, then a vicious right hook found its way to her jaw, and as she dropped to the floor the "meal ticket" walked away.

It was the first blow she had ever struck except in a friendly contest with the gloves, and it stirred her blood as nothing else had ever done.

It did another thing—it set her to thinking, and from that time on she began a course of good, hard training.

Something definite and tangible had become established in her mind and she was after it like a hound

that was to give her revenge and freedom together.

At last it came.

When he stumbled into the dressing room one night he had the beginnings of a good-sized jag. He had been putting away his share of absinthe and he began to abuse her.

"You're a dead one," he said, "and I don't know what I ever saw in you. Here I've put you on your feet and give you the chance of your life to make good, but you don't connect. Get in with the crowd and be a live one before it's too late, for you're getting to be a shine."

"What do you expect me to do when you are mixed up with a bunch of cheap soubrettes, and drunk half the time?"

"Why, do the same as I do, of course. There's that guy that came in last night and wanted to meet you. He's got all kinds of coin, and——"

"Shut up," she cried, "what do you think I am?"

"Not much."

She began working at her gloves viciously, pushing the padding away from the knuckles so as to leave the flat with as little covering as possible. You know the trick if you've ever seen boxers just before a contest. It isn't considered the right thing to do, but when done properly makes a punch well landed about twice as effective. When she was through there wasn't much hair in the centre of her gloves, and then they were ready to go on. They sang their opening song, juggled the Indian clubs, after which she went at the bag. That concluded, they were to go three rounds to a quick finish.

They were ready.

He went forward to the footlights to make the usual announcement.

"My partner and myself will now box three exhibition rounds," etc., etc.

"Time."

When a man has been sparring exhibition rounds very long he is apt to grow a trifle careless, and to take chances that he wouldn't take under ordinary circumstances. It was so in this case, and at the first rush he got a stiff, straight left in the mouth that brought the blood oozing from between his lips.

"What the hell," he began in amazement, but he didn't finish, for she was on him in an instant and a short right went home to his ribs. He caught a look in her eyes that suddenly sobered him, and he began to stall and cover up. He retreated a few steps, and she said tauntingly:

"What's the matter, are you afraid of me, you cur?"

He wavered for a moment and then she went after him again.

He swung his right with all his might and caught her on the ear. Somewhere from out of the audience there came a sibilant hiss which was taken up by a hundred at once. She needed that punch just about that time, and it spurred her on, even though it hurt for a moment. She bored in, and throwing down her guard drove a right and left to his stomach—his weak spot. There was the place, but she had forgotten it in the excitement.

He dropped heavily and awkwardly on his back, rolled over slowly and pulled himself to his feet. He came up with a realizing sense that he must protect himself against this woman who was taking an unfair advantage of him, and in his ears rang the shouts and applause of a delighted audience. He knew they were not for him, but he would fight, anyhow, and show them what he could do. They were to see that an American boxer was no slouch. He saw her standing there waiting, with a grim smile on her compressed lips and he made up his mind that he would knock that smile off. He straightened up and went at her like a bull. She didn't back off as he thought she would, and when he pulled back his right he got a jolt on the jaw that turned him half way around. He went in again and she hit him in the stomach. When his head dropped his nose met an uppercut that made the blood spurt in a stream. The sight seemed to madden her and she went at him fiercely and vindictively. There was revenge behind every blow and she felt that she was evening up the insults and humiliation of a year. He was groggy and almost helpless and there was pandemonium in the audience. Some of the women had gone out, but those who had stayed had risen in their seats and were cheering on this American girl who was fighting like a man. She heard nothing and saw only the man she loathed and hated. She noted his puffed and bleeding face and knew she had him.

"Put up your hands," she said sharply.

He obeyed mechanically and she walked over to him. He tried to cover up, but she feinted him into an opening, and then drove a straight right to his jaw, and he flopped over in the wings crying:

"I quit, I quit; I didn't think you'd do this."

She didn't even look at him as she went past to her dressing room.

Ten minutes later he came in with a trace of his former bluster.

"What are you trying to do, anyhow?" he began, but she shut him up.

"I'll lick you again right here if you don't keep your mouth closed. From now on until the end of this engagement I'm running this act, and I'm going to collect the money for it, too, and any time I catch you doing anything I don't like I'm going to beat your head off. Any time you think I can't do it start something. In just two weeks more you can pack your clothes and shift for yourself, for I'm done."

That's all.

She has been shifting for herself ever since, and is doing pretty well, thank you.

Ike Swift.

THE 1906 BARTENDER'S GUIDE
Is by Charley Mahoney, head bartender of the Hoffman House, New York. He knows it all and tells it all. It is profusely illustrated. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra.



THEY WERE A NICE LOT OF GIRLS IN SILK TIGHTS AND SPANGLES.

to ask some kind manager to give me a chance."

"You don't have to wait any longer, Sis; you can come with the show right away and we'll do an act together."

Here was a meal ticket that would be good for many a hard winter when the other fellows were eating snowballs, and, if he could help it, it wasn't going to get away from him.

And that is the beginning of the story.

It didn't get away from him, for he married her as soon as he could find the money to pay a minister, and that didn't take very long.

He fixed up an act which might have been better, but which was good enough to get work with reasonable regularity. There was only one thing to it and that was her bag punching, and if it hadn't been for his hustling around and getting dates he would have been a rank case of excess baggage. In the meantime, he was teaching her how to box, and when the act grew stale they had a boxing finish that never failed to go big with the crowd.

All this time she was learning. She hunted up every bag puncher of note in the country and gathered in the tips, and when she wasn't busy with anything else she was framing up something new for herself. All this tended to give her a muscular development that was worth having and that many an athlete would have been proud of.

Her reputation was on the increase and she began to

after a rabbit. She paid as little attention to him as if he had never existed, and he carried on his love affairs—very numerous ones they were, too—with a free hand. He became a hot proposition, and he blew like a drunken sailor on every girl who caught his fancy. She lived like an automaton, doing everything mechanically except the conditioning work she was engaged in. At every show they boxed together, and once in a while, when she would get a chance, she would whip in a hard one in order to lay bare his weak spots. One night she hit him in the stomach. It was a short, sharp, snappy punch, and she felt the shock of it up to her elbow.

He turned white under his grease paint and then wobbled back a couple of paces.

When they came together again he whispered savagely:

"Cut those out or I'll hand you one the next time."

"It was a slip," she said. "I didn't mean it."

"It's a good thing for you that you didn't," he answered, surlily.

From Berlin they went to the Casino, in Paris, and if the trick that was pulled off there had never happened I wouldn't be writing this story.

Paris to him was like a bone to a hungry dog and he was a hot sport from the night they hit the town, while she was a joke because she wouldn't mix with the bunch and play the game of love on her own hook.

But all the time she was getting ready for the stunt

The 1906 Police Gazette Sporting Annual contains RECORDS of Pugilists, Athletes, Automobiles, Etc.

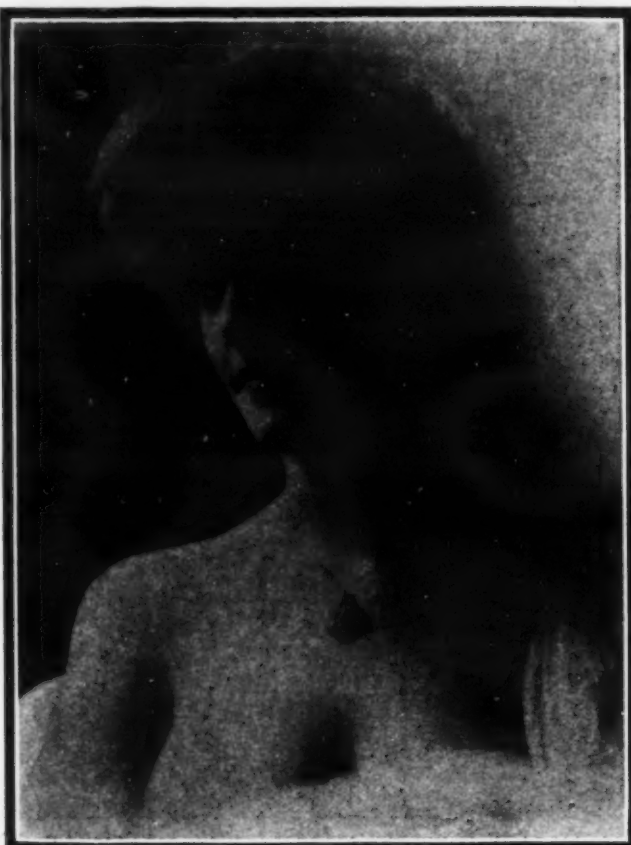


Photo by Bushnell: San Francisco.

JUST GLANCE AT THIS FINE LINE UP--THEY ARE AN ATTRACTIVE FEATURE WITH THE IDEAL EXTRAVAGANZA COMPANY.



MARIE STUDHOLME, A REAL BEAUTY.



MISS HOPKINS, WHO IS A DREAM.



LAURA ANDERS, A PRETTY VIOLINIST.



Photo by Bushnell: San Francisco.

THE SHAPELY KNICKERBOCKER GIRLS WHO ARE ATTRACTING MUCH ATTENTION WITH THE WASHINGTON SOCIETY BELLES.

IN THE CHORUS AND OUT OF IT.

THE LITTLE LADIES IN THE GROUPS ARE AMBITIOUS TO ATTAIN GREATER PROMINENCE.



MARVIN HART.
THE KENTUCKY HEAVYWEIGHT WHO
MAY MEET JACK O'BRIEN.



KID MURPHY.
AN AGGRESSIVE 105-POUND BOXER WHO
IS A DRAWING CARD.



CHARLES RICHMAN.
WITH PROCTOR'S ALL STAR STOCK, FIFTH
AVENUE THEATRE, NEW YORK.



JOE J. SULLIVAN.
IRISH COMEDIAN ON TOUR WITH ONE
OF GUS HILL'S SHOWS.



ELMER TENLEY.
MONOLOGUE COMEDIAN NOW MAKING
A HIT IN THE WEST.



LOUIS KOHLER, JR.
BRILLIANT VIOLINIST AND LEADER
OF WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.



ALL READY FOR THE COMING SEASON.
DODGE BASEBALL CLUB OF MISHAWAKA, IND.—THEY ARE THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONS
OF NORTHERN INDIANA FOR THE SEASON OF 1905.

WHEN JOHN C. HEENAN

—THE AMERICAN CHAMPION—

FOUGHT TOM SAYERS

Here is the Story of a Ring Battle in the Early '60's That Was the Genuine Article.

SHOWS HOW THEY DID IT IN THE OLDEN DAYS

The Battle Wasn't Conspicuous for Fair Play, if the Accounts Handed Down are to be Believed, and There is no Reason to Doubt Them.

It is interesting in these days of three and six-round bouts to recall the old-time fights between famous gladiators. Take the one for instance between John C. Heenan, champion of the United States, and Tom Sayers, champion of England, for the championship of the world according to London prize ring rules, which was held on April 17, 1860.

Heenan was known as the Benicia Boy, because he came from Benicia County, California. He had been successful in thirteen battles in this country when he challenged Sayers. Sayers won his laurels by thrashing the Tipton Slasher, William Perry, June 16, 1857.

On this side of the water the most intense interest was manifested. The approaching conflict between the North and South was lost sight of, and patriotic pride in American muscle was aroused to such an extent that Heenan became a popular hero. The newspapers sent special correspondents to England to report the progress of the training, which was considered an astounding piece of enterprise in those days.

In England the excitement was even greater. Because Sayers was such a tactful and ill-natured fellow, and Heenan was the opposite temperament, a great many sporting men sided with the American. There was a play on at the Olympia Theatre called "The Benicia Boy," and it drew crowds. It is said that the Queen attended it one night. Between acts men and women of the highest rank, who occupied the boxes, discussed the chances of the champions, the women betting on the result quite as often as their male friends.

Charles Dickens, then in the height of his popularity, is said to have bet a considerable sum on Sayers. Alexander Dumas, from Paris, also was much interested. Members of Parliament gathered in the lobbies and aired their knowledge of the many art. Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, said to a member: "What folly it is for men to interest themselves in a low-lived affair such as this international combat; I wonder that the London Times deigns to notice it. But still," thoughtfully continued his lordship, "if the affair must come off, I hope Sayers will win."

He was not the only one surprised at the staid old Times giving a few paragraphs each day to messages from the men's training quarters. As for the other papers, they devoted columns to the reigning sensation.

As a climax, the House of Commons adjourned early on the night of April 16th, to allow the members time to get to Aldershot, where the fight took place the next morning.

If the treatment Heenan received in England is a sample of British fair play this expression does not count for much. His training quarters were changed

stocking feet, and one of the cuts in an old-time illustrated paper represents the champion in the act of leaping over a board fence during the pursuit. When he was released a great crowd received him with cheers, not because they cared for Heenan, but because they wanted to see the fight come off. Some of the prominent men of the town gave him a banquet that evening. Finally he settled down at Salisbury, where he remained comparatively unmolested until the time of the fight.

Heenan was taller than Sayers and resembled in looks Henry E. Dixey, the actor. He reduced himself from 196 to 175 pounds. Training in those days was a terror. Sometimes Heenan would sit before the fire wrapped in thick blankets to sweat off flesh. He rose at five and took a five-mile run before breakfast. The bag that he punched was made of rubber and filled with oats, a clumsy affair compared with those now used. It was suspended several feet from the wall, so that the slow return, when he struck it, gave him little opportunity to develop a good eye.

One of his exercises is described by an eye-witness: "Heenan starts for a run on a small course which they have laid out, and, after going around a dozen or twenty times, two persons—whichever feel inclined—stand on each side of the circle, each with a heavy boxing glove in his hand, and as the Boy runs through they each simultaneously endeavor to knock him down. This is, of course, very violent exercise," the writer adds, "and very few but men of great powers of endurance ever attempt it. Wine and egg were always given to the fighter just a little before he sat down to breakfast. When he walked he carried a huge stick, which he passed back and forth between his hands as he stepped."

The prices of boxing gloves went up, and the manufacturers could hardly turn them out fast enough. Both in England and America athletics became a craze. The newspapers published editorials of prophecy that Heenan would win. In the weekly journals the writers of short stories made heroes out of pugilists, and the versifiers likewise fell in line. Prize fighting was against the law in England, but that did not hinder legislators and officers standing at the ringside and cheering for Sayers. The train for Aldershot was to start at 3:45 in the morning, but by 2:30 carriages began to unload their human freight at the railroad station. As the carriages went through the streets in the neighborhood of the station the bobbies, who knew perfectly well where the passengers were bound, cried, "Good luck to Tom Sayers!"

On arriving at the destination, just at daybreak on

of 26 carriages, drawn by two locomotives, passed through Swin's Bottom, the track was lined by field officers, they having understood that this was the spot for the mill. The trip was profitable to the railroad. Every ticket cost the purchaser \$15.

Great caution had to be exercised to get the men to the place. Both left their training quarters disguised in stovepipe hats, long coats and theatrical wigs.

The betting at the ringside was in favor of Sayers, and even those Englishmen who had stood up for

DOINGS OF THE PUGILISTS

Jim Scanlon, the Pittsburg heavyweight boxer, has joined the police force of the Smoky City.

At the Howard A. C., the other night, Frank Madden defeated Jim Little in a fast bout of three rounds. Madden had the better of Little from



Photo by Vander Weyde: New York.

"SCOTTY."

The Death Valley Miner who is said to be Enormously Wealthy, and who has Cut a Wide Swath from Coast to Coast. The Latest is that He is Going on the Stage.

Heenan at the first now joined in cheering for the Britisher. Heenan remained close in his corner at the first, preferring to be on the defensive as the men whom Sayers had licked had fallen through acting upon the offensive. There was a great amount of clinching all through, and it usually resulted in the "Boy's" favor, for he was much stronger than Sayers. In the third round Heenan's friends got a chance to cheer, for he let out his powerful left and knocked Sayers down. Again and again did the Benicia Boy's left lay the English champion low; but Sayers possessed wonderful endurance. As for the Briton he got a blow in on the American's eye which soon swelled up so that he was unable to see out of it. The eighth round was the most exciting of the forty-two. Both men were badly punished. It ended by Sayers being leveled to the earth.

Sayers was by far the worst injured, but he was not disfigured, while Heenan's countenance was unrecognizable. When, in the thirty-second round, Heenan showed distress, Sayers gazed his opponent on his personal appearance. The crowd enjoyed this. But the Benicia Boy brightened up quickly and laid Sayers flat on his back on the turf for having made sport of him.

In the thirty-third round, when it was evident that Sayers would be beaten, the Englishmen began yelling "Police! Police!" hoping to frighten Heenan; but the Benicia Boy was too game for that. The policemen were peeping out from behind the hedges, but did not move. After this Sayers revived

for a spell, but soon began to show signs of weakness. Heenan kept pummeling him. During the last three rounds pandemonium reigned. Sayers' friends got inside the ropes and once or twice Heenan was hit by someone other than his real adversary. Even in the last round, when Sayers could not rise, the referee refused to grant the American the victory. The police rushed in, and Heenan, frenzied with anger, opened a free fight against them all, but his friends interfered and carried him away. When the news came to this side of Heenan's victory everybody went wild.

the start, and at no time had Little even a small chance, and in the third round he was nearly out.

It is reported that Terre Haute, Ind., will be opened to boxing shortly.

Three round boxing bouts still continue in New York, though the court decided that they were illegal.

The pictures of the Britt-Nelson battle are being viewed by large crowds throughout Australia.

Don't pay for a set of boxing gloves when you can get them for nothing. If you will send \$6 for a year's subscription to the "Police Gazette" a fine set—same as those used in great ring contests—will be sent to you free.

The boxing game is in a flourishing condition at Los Angeles, Cal., and recent bouts have had big houses.

Honey Melody and Johnny Mooney have made up again. It was a wise move for Melody to return to his old manager.

Matty Baldwin, the crack New England featherweight, will probably be matched to meet Dick Hyland at Denver, Colo.

Jimmy Gardiner cannot induce any of the Philadelphia boys to meet him since he stopped Young Ernie in five rounds.

Jim Coffroth, the boxing promoter, of San Francisco, will try and induce Jim Jeffries to meet the winner of the O'Brien and Jack Palmer battle.

Kid McCoy is now in the real estate business in New York. Since his marriage he has been buying apartment houses in the upper part of New York City. He is said to have already spent \$300,000.

Jack Higgins, of New Britain, won the hardest fight of his life recently, when he knocked out Barbey Devinton, of New Haven, in the sixteenth round of a finish fight with skin tight gloves. The mill was pulled off in an old barn on the outskirts of Bristol.

Mike (Twin) Sullivan, who is still in California, writes that he expects to be matched against Jimmy Britt at 133 pounds by one of the San Francisco clubs. The Twin has been offered several matches, but he declined them as he wants to get on with either Britt or Gans.

Mississippi was all smiles when he grasped the gloved mitt of Matty Baldwin in the first round of their bout at the Summit A. C., last week. Before the bout was half over the chocolate-colored boxer wore a dazed and worried look. His jollity was cut short by a few of Baldwin's right hooks to the jaw, and he was lucky to stay the three rounds.

DEVELOP YOUR CHEST

By correct breathing. Prof. Ittmann shows you how in No. 2 of Fox's Athletic Library. Illustrated. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra, mailed direct from this office.



Photo by Vander Weyde: New York.

AT CHUCK CONNORS' DANCE.

The Bowery Boy and Some of His Friends in a Box at Tammany Hall, Drinking a Toast to the Police Gazette. He is Author of "Bowery Life," one of the Most Sensational Books ever Written.

six times, and he was hounded from place to place by the authorities and by hordes of curious visitors. Once he was lodged in jail; but the officers did not catch him until they had chased him several miles in his

MONEY COMES EASY

When you play poker if you will study the game. Get a copy of Poker: How to Win, that's all. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra. Write Police Gazette office.

the morning of April 17, 1860, swells and sports and gray-haired men of standing—a motley crowd of several hundred in all—piled out of the cars with a rush which precipitated many of them into the ditch by the side of the railroad track. In advance were the managers, carrying ropes and posts. It was a free-for-all race across the fields and over brooks and hedges, in which a great many stylishly dressed gentlemen were tumbled into mud puddles.

The policemen were neatly fooled, although they came up later and stopped the fight. When the train

There is No Other Compilation of Sporting Records to Equal the 1906 POLICE GAZETTE ANNUAL

HERRERA-HERMAN BATTLE

—BOTH MEN WARY—

A HARD-FOUGHT DRAW

Neither the Mexican nor the Chicagoan Could Get in the Sleep-Producing Wallop.

SOME INTERESTING BATTLES AROUND THE COUNTRY

Pinkey Evans Keeps Up His Winning Streak—John A. Sullivan Got a Severe Trouncing—Look the Challenges Over.

After twenty terrific rounds of fighting, at Los Angeles, on Feb. 9, Referee Eyton declared the Herrera-Herman contest a draw. It was a hard, carefully fought fight from start to finish, and the Chicago lad was lucky to get away with an even break. A majority of the rounds were even.

During the early rounds Herman's defense was almost perfect. The Mexican could reach neither the body nor the head with any effect. In the latter part of the fight the Mexican began to send his right cross over and staggered Herman a couple of times. Herman beat Herrera's body throughout the fight.

Herrera followed Herman around in the third, but couldn't land. The Kid got a right to the kidneys and a left to the stomach. Then Herman ducked a hard left. Herman easily stopped a couple of blows and sent a right to the stomach. Quick as a flash the Mexican returned to the stomach, and both missed right swings. Herrera uppercut, and the Kid landed a heavy right to the jaw. Herman missed and got a hard right to the stomach. They fought carefully to the end of the round. Both were cool.

In the fifth and sixth both got in light blows at the start. The Mexican slapped Herman on the head, while the Kid pounded his body. Herman ducked under a right lead and planted a telling left on the ribs. A right uppercut worried Herman, but he was back with a left to the stomach. Herman blocked a right and put in a left uppercut. The Kid then feinted and landed a stinging right to the jaw. Herman blocked a nasty right and reached the kidneys with his own right. They clinched and clinched, and on each occasion Herman would poke his left to the body. Herman dove under a right lead and put a left to the head, and three hard rights to the pit of the stomach. Herrera's face wore a pained expression. His body was red from the constant pounding. Herman got another to the stomach, but was sent staggering to the ropes with a terrific right to the head. He jumped out fighting like a demon and sent lefts and rights to the Mexican's head. This was the first real mix-up and honors were even.

In the ninth and the succeeding two rounds both men were cautious, Herman finally reaching the face. Herrera sent in a hard left to the stomach. Herman became aggressive. He missed a right, but got home

they came to a clinch Herman beat Herrera hard on the body. At the end of the round Herman got in two rights to the jaw. Herrera got in a left uppercut at the start. Then he sent a hard right to the body. Several other blows were blocked. Herman was better in the clinches, when he would get in several hard body blows.

The Mexican was very wild at the start of the twelfth, and Herman landed a few light blows while backing away. Herrera got through the guard with a left over the heart and then uppercut with the left. The Mexican fell short and the Kid rocked his head with a hard right to the face. Herman followed up his advantage, shooting rights and lefts to the Mexican's face and body. Herrera was forced to back away this time. They came fighting to the centre of the ring. The Mexican was dazed, but he was far from being out. A straight left sent Herrera's head back at the close. This was decidedly Herman's round, and the crowd cheered him wildly.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth Herman had the Mexican worried several times, but Herrera always came back strong, and in the sixteenth and seventeenth had all the best of the fighting. Herman braced up and held his own in the eighteenth and nineteenth, but at the windup the Mexican was doing the better fighting.

In the twentieth Herrera missed left for the head and Herman reached body with left. Herrera fell short with left and they clinched. Herman reached face twice with straight lefts and repeated. Herrera sent hard left to Herman's face, which sent the Kid back. Herrera reached the body with the left and the Kid danced away. Herman blocked right for the body and Herrera sent terrific right and left to the Kid's jaw. Herrera caught the Kid on the jaw with another left and repeated with right. The Kid kept coming and the Mexican sent him back with another right on jaw. Herman put a hard right to Herrera's jaw, and a left to the face. Again Herman's left reached the face and he repeated it once more. The Mexican missed a right swing and Herman put rights and lefts to the head, which sent Herrera half way across the ring. Both swung hard rights, and as they came together Herman slipped to his knees. The boys were in a hot mixup in the centre of the ring as the round

The feature bout scheduled for fifteen rounds between John A. Sullivan, of Magnolia, and Joe Lavoie, now of Gloucester, was the fastest exhibition ever given before the club. From the tap of the bell it was fight all the time. Lavoie forced the fighting.

At the sound of the bell for the second round Lavoie went after Sullivan landing some heavy rights and lefts on the head and wind before Sullivan got out of his corner. The latter did some fighting, too, landing lefts to Lavoie's stomach and sent him to the floor with a right to the jaw. This did not phase Lavoie, however, who quickly got to his feet and went after Sullivan like a bulldog, sending him to the mat three times with rights to the jaw. Sullivan took the count each time and went to his corner rather tired.

Before Sullivan had got out of his corner at the call for the third round Lavoie put it all over him, sending him down repeatedly. Sullivan always taking the count. After about one minute's fighting in this round it was seen that it was only a question of a few more blows and the referee stopped the bout and awarded the fight to Lavoie, Sullivan being all in.

MITCHELL'S HOPES SHATTERED.

Jack Mitchell, a local man, looked upon as a coming welterweight champion, was put away by Gus Gardner, of Buffalo, in the fourteenth round of a fifteen-round go at Pittston, Pa., on Feb. 7.

For the first seven rounds Mitchell had all the best of the go, but fought himself out against Gardner's science, and gradually grew weaker under constant jabbing, until in the tenth, when Gardner nearly finished him, sending him to the mat three times.

Mitchell responded gamely, and held his own in the eleventh and twelfth, but was finally knocked out cleanly in the fourteenth by a right to the jaw.

CY FLYNN HAD THE PUNCH.

Owen Ziegler, of Philadelphia, forfeited his battle with Cy Flynn, of Buffalo, at the Washington A. C., Buffalo, on Feb. 5.

When the bell clanged in the twelfth round, Ziegler, with an agonized expression hobbled to the centre of the ring and announced in a faint voice that he could not fight any longer. He said that he had sustained an injury to his left arm and that he was practically helpless. When the Quaker finished and started for his corner there was a mighty cheer. He had fought like a champion with sure defeat staring him in the face. The sports around the ringside realized that Ziegler was not quitting, but that he had been rendered helpless by an accident, and they were willing that a game and willing fighter should receive a tribute. Had he won, the cheers could not have been heartier.

Ziegler, although he carried a stiff punch in either hand and was fast and aggressive, was no match for Flynn. With lightning jabs and jolts, Flynn outfought his man from gong to gong in each round. There was no time during the eleven hard and fast fought rounds that Ziegler had the wily Buffalo boy in danger.

Flynn was punishing in his delivery. He continually rapped Ziegler with lefts to the head, and mixed things by crossing a pretty right chop to the ear. This was Flynn's most effective blow. Many times he rocked Owen's cranium, but Ziegler is a tough nut to crack, and Flynn could not put him away.

When the match was over Ziegler's left ear was puffed like a toy balloon. A surgeon had to lance it. Ziegler says he injured his left arm in the eighth round. He fought with admirable gameness, but could not have lasted against Flynn's merciless onslaught.

ANOTHER FOR PINKEY.

Tommy Gorman was knocked out in the thirteenth round by Pinkey Evans, of Schenectady, in a fight near that city on Feb. 5, that was to go twenty rounds.

It was a vicious, hard-fought battle during several rounds, and was pulled off in private, at a resort on the outskirts of the city. There was no interference by the local police, although there were many timid spectators among the five hundred sports who witnessed the mill.

The contestants weighed in at 120 pounds, and were evidently evenly matched when they entered the ring, although Evans had a discolored optic, the fruits of hard training, and also complained of sore hands. Gorman looked in perfect condition.

A month before the men fought a twenty-round draw, but notwithstanding this fact, the Schenectady boy was favorite, at the odds of 10 to 8, at the ringside. The Albany sports could see nothing but Gorman, the pride of Albany, and they took all the wagers

at odds that were offered. As Troy and Schenectady speculators looked upon Evans as the real article, the consequence was that big wads of money were bet. In fact there was more betting on the fight than on any fight ever pulled off there before.

In the eleventh a staggering right on Gorman's jaw was the starter for the eventual downfall.

The thirteenth round opened with Gorman weak, and Evans followed up his advantage by plying right and left to the head. Gorman was all but out, as the result of blows, and took the count. He came back to fall again before the furious fusillade of wallops when the referee declared Evans the victor.

CHALLENGES

[The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.]

Dave Hennessy claims the title of champion of Jersey, and is looking for trouble with any boy who can make 115 pounds. He would like to clash



BILLY HART.

He has a Comedy Part which Suits Him with the "High School Girls" Burlesque Company.

with Tommy O'Toole.—Hennessy can be addressed in care of John J. Curran at the Crescent A. C., New Brunswick, N. J.

Ray Hill, a 116-pound boxer of Chicago, Ill., would like to meet any of the boys in the Windy City.

Y. Ferraro, 12 Flushing Avenue, Brooklyn, issues a challenge to any middleweight wrestler in the country.

The way to get boxing gloves of a superior quality, free, is to send \$6 for a year's subscription to the "Police Gazette." You will not be asked to even pay the expressage.

Itallano Siro, of 453 Harwinton Avenue, Torrington, Conn., challenges any heavyweight wrestler.

Tom Baxter, a clever colored cake walker of New York, would like to compete with any of the fancy steppers in the Metropolis.

W. F. Walther, a member of the Mohawk A. C., 158th street and Walton avenue, New York, challenges any wrestler not over 180 pounds.

Alex M. Widder, 683 Lexington Ave., New York City, is a clever amateur 136-pound wrestler who is willing to meet any amateur at the weight.

Ernest Gropp, amateur champion German skater, now at 8 Central avenue, Kansas City, Mo., issues a challenge to any amateur skater in this country.

Joe Wagner, the New York bantam, who recently defeated Tommy Feltz at Atlanta, Ga., would like to meet Jimmy Walsh in a ten or fifteen-round argument.

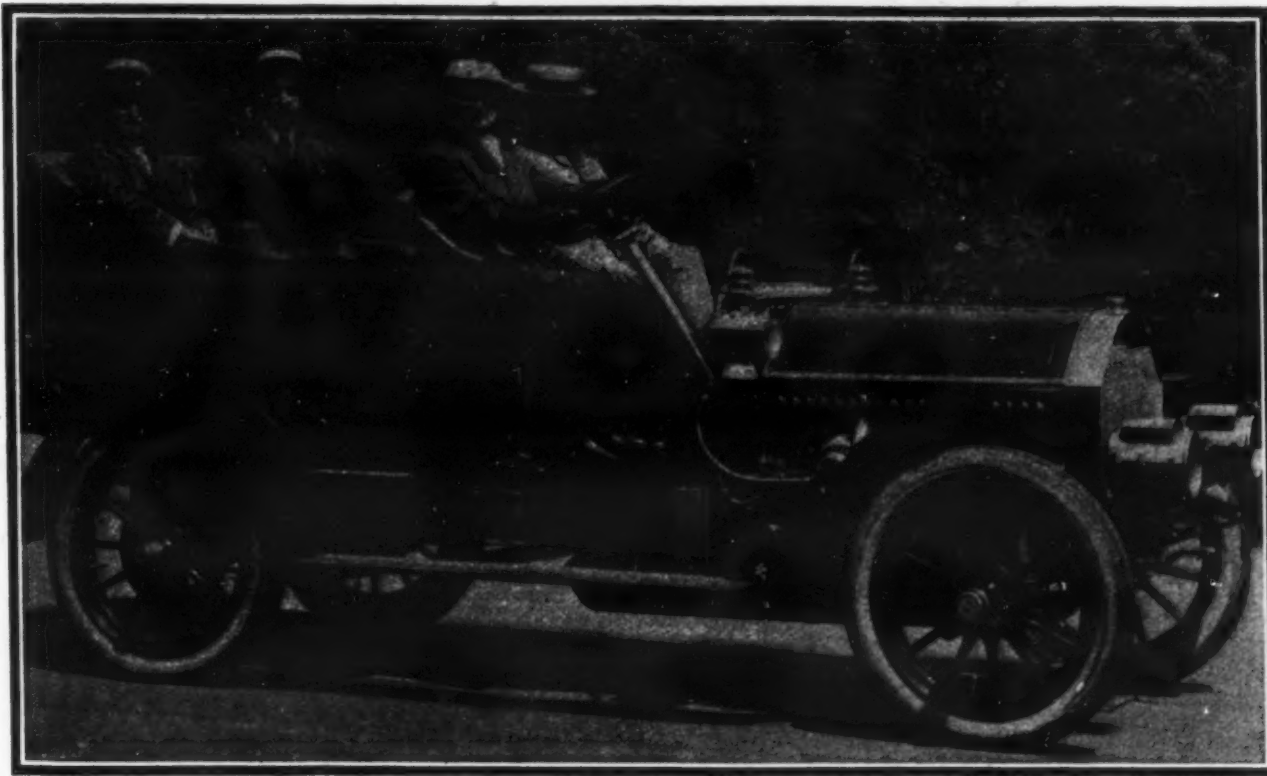
Young Gotch, of Collinwood, O., would like to meet any in the wrestling game at 115 pounds, catch-as-catch-can.—Address all acceptances to R. A. Litchfield, Collinwood, O.

Al Akerman, the crack lightweight wrestler, in a letter to the POLICE GAZETTE from Lima, O., writes that he would like to wrestle George Bothner or Alex Swanson at 142 pounds for a side bet. The match to take place at Lima.

John Tholmes, whose address is the Orleans Athletic Club, 315 Marais street, New Orleans, La., through his manager, A. B. Cayan, challenges any heavyweight boxer in the country, Jack Johnson preferred. He claims the championship of the South.

CHAMPION BARTENDERS

Are represented in Charley Mahoney's 1906 Bartender's Guide. He is head man at the Hoffman House, New York City. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra.



JIMMY BRITT DRIVING HIS AUTO.

The Famous California Lightweight Pugilist who has become an Expert Chaffer. This Photograph was taken Especially for the Police Gazette on the Outskirts of San Francisco, Cal.

with a left to the ear. Then they exchanged hard ones to the face. Herman rushed, but was sent back with a right to the face. There was little advantage for Herman now. He was only better at defense. After some blocking Herman sent the Mexican back with a straight left to the nose and blocked a left uppercut. Herrera reached Herman's ear with a hard left. As

THE GOOD POKER PLAYER.

Dopes the game just as horses are doped, so he wins. If you will send for Poker: How to Win, you can do the same. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

closed. Herrera's brother rushed to Referee Eyton, claiming a decision, and was hauled out of the ring by the police.

SULLIVAN BADLY BEATEN.

Practically three knockouts at the Gloucester A. C., Gloucester, Mass., on Feb. 5, certainly gave the 700 members their money's worth. There were two preliminary bouts, scheduled to go six rounds, but both ended in a knockout. Young Kennedy, a local boy, and put him down for the count in the second round. Kid Bridges and Tommy Lamb, both of Gloucester, fought savagely and Bridges won in the second round.



Photo No. 1 by Stacy - Brooklyn N.Y. Photos No. 2, 3 and 4 by Newman - New York.

NO. 1—TERRY AND HUGHEY M'GOVERN.

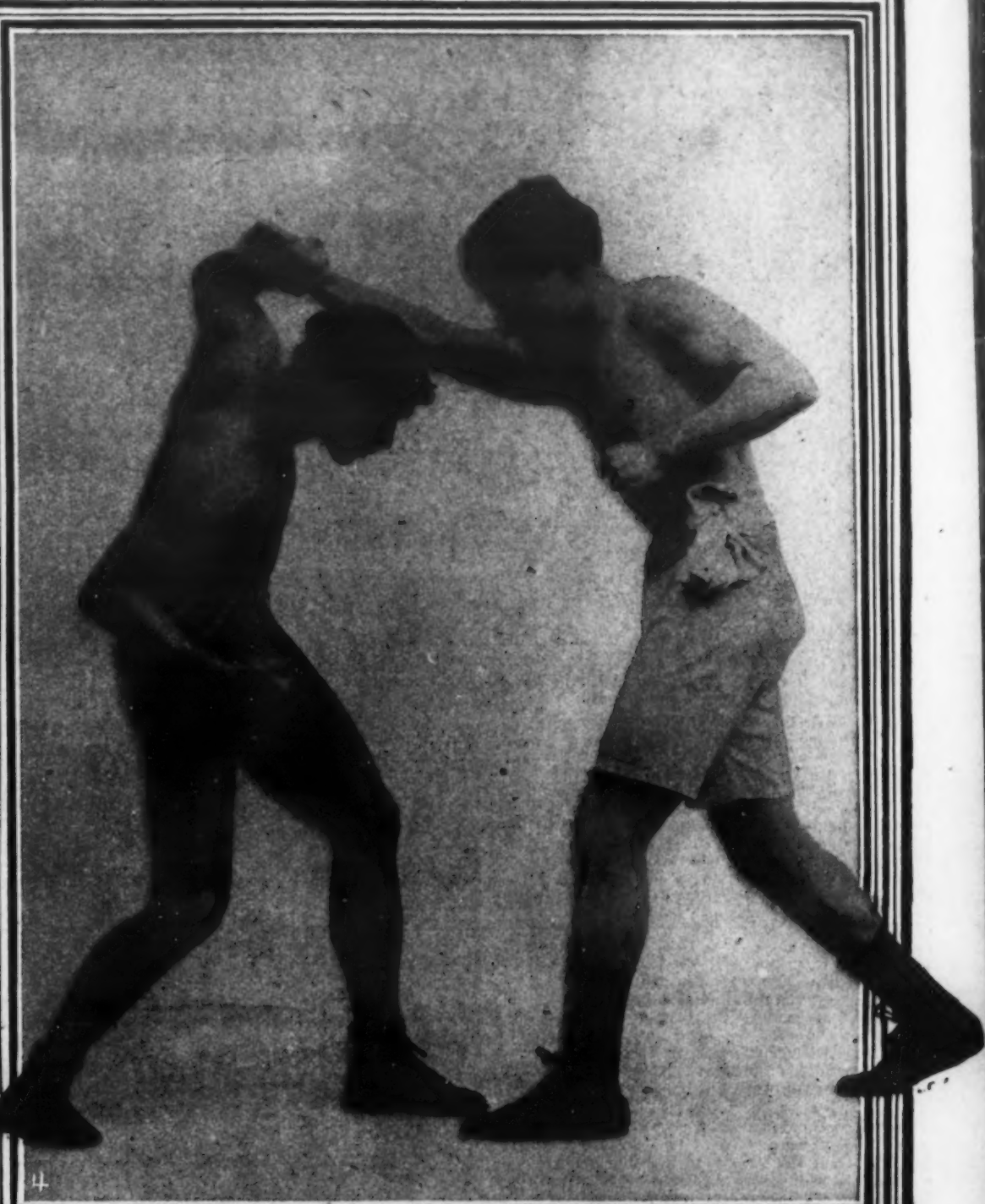
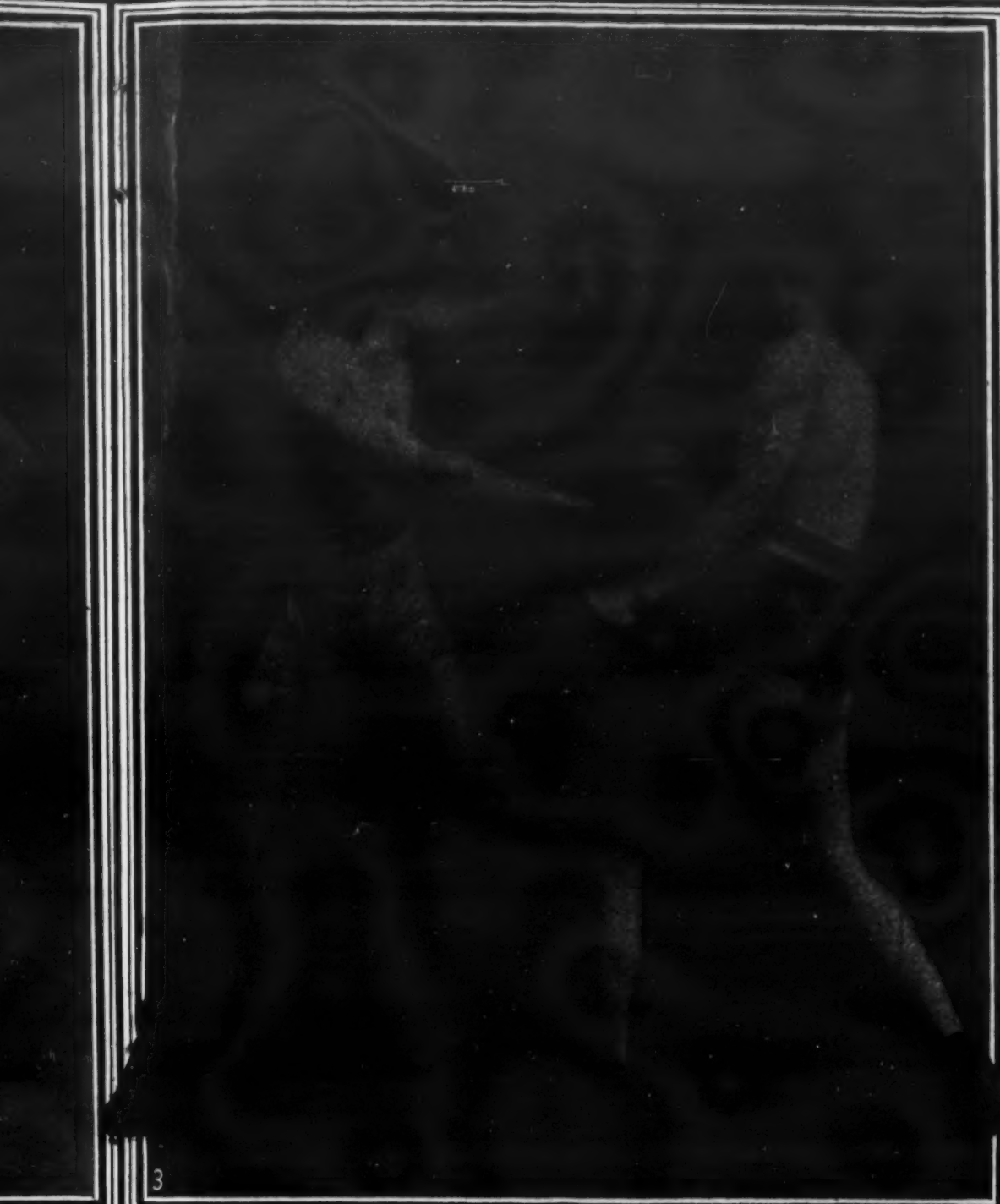
2—WILLIE AND JIMMY BRITT.

3—FRANKIE NEIL AND KID MURPHY

INFANTRY, FORT LEAVENWORTH, KAN. WHOSE ATHLETIC PROWESS, W

THE POLICE GAZETTE IS THE ONLY PAPER FOR THE SQUARE SPORTING MAN

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1904

AND SOLDIER ATHLETES.

KID MURPHY. 4—AURELIO AND MAURO HERRERA. 5—THE MEMBERS OF COMPANY H, EIGHTEENTH UNITED STATES
ROWESS, WHEN COMMANDED BY CAPT. E. L. BUTTS, MADE THEM CHAMPIONS.

ING MAN AND THE POLICE GAZETTE ANNUAL IS THE ONLY SPORTING AUTHORITY.

M'GOVERN TRAINING FOR —BELIEVES HE HAS HIS PUNCH AND CONFIDENT OF WINNING— HIS FIGHT WITH NELSON

**Britt and Nelson Dodging Joe Gans Leaves an Opening
for Jack Dougherty, New Championship Aspirant.**

AMATEUR BOXING TOURNEY TO BE HELD IN 'FRISCO

**Courts Say Three-Round Boxing is illegal in New York State—Attell and Harris
May Fight—Parson Davies in a New Enterprise—Gossip.**

Terry McGovern is "quartered" at his old training place near the Morris Park race track where I saw him the other morning getting ready for his fight with Nelson, which takes place in Philadelphia on March 14. It is needless to say he expressed supreme confidence in his ability to win decisively. Last year McGovern was a nervous wreck, and stories were circulated to the effect that he would never be allowed to fight again. His queer behavior lent some color to these reports, but his illness was only temporary, for to-day he is a powerful, energetic, clearheaded young man, whose appearance alone will convince anybody that nothing is wrong with him. Since McGovern knocked out Tommy Murphy, of Harlem, in a punch, he has regained all of the old confidence which made him champion of all the featherweights. The two defeats administered by Young Corbett temporarily broke McGovern's heart and robbed him of his former spirit, but he has gradually recovered his grip, and at present seems to be the Terry of days gone by. In speaking of the Nelson go McGovern said to me: "I will probably weigh under 130 pounds when I get into the ring—possibly 125—but I will be as strong as a bull and faster than ever. I've got the same old punch, and if I land it you can bet that Nelson will feel it. Nelson will have to train to make 133 pounds, as he is very heavy just now, so that he will outscale me by at least five pounds. But that will not make any difference as far as I am concerned. If I win I will make a match with Gans right away, and will agree to his terms. I beat him in a couple of rounds once, and as far as I know the fight was on the level. I am after the lightweight championship and want to win the title in a fight, not on paper."

—A very splendid resolution!

Until Joe Gans finds out whether his next opponent will be Battling Nelson or Terry McGovern, he will be idle unless he decides to keep the barnacles from growing on himself by taking on some of the lesser lights of the pugilistic world. One of the aspirants for fame at the Baltimorean's hands is Jack Dougherty, the Milwaukee welterweight, who recently defeated Buddy Ryan, of Chicago, in a ten round bout. No sooner had Dougherty scored his victory over Ryan in signal style than his manager placed himself in direct communication with the Pacific A. C., of Los Angeles, with the result that a representative of that club met Dougherty's manager and talked over terms. If a purse is offered there is no doubt about Gans' acceptance, as he has placed himself on record as willing to fight any man in the world, white or black, at either the light or welterweight limit. Dougherty is 24 years old and looks every inch a fighter. He has won all of his last fourteen battles, a majority of them by the knockout route, and his splendid showing with Ryan, a high-class pugilist, convinced many ring followers that he would have a chance with Gans. The Milwaukee pugilist is at his best at 142 pounds, which is the welterweight limit. When Gans defeated Mike (Twin) Sullivan at this limit the former scaled at about 136 pounds, which made his victory all the more remarkable. Sullivan had previously taken Ryan's measure and for that reason Dougherty, believing that he could defeat Sullivan, has decided to make a dead set for Gans. As Nelson, Britt and other lightweights, barring McGovern, have shown an aversion to a fight with Gans, it is safe to say that Dougherty will be quickly accommodated by the colored man.

Dougherty is described as a past master at long range fighting, a scientific, crafty boxer with a sleep producing punch and a pair of wonderfully fast feet. His long reach, coupled with a cool head makes him like a pugilist of the Kid McCoy school. Two months ago he was practically unknown, and a fifty dollar purse was regarded by him as an extremely liberal offer. But with Buddy Ryan's scalp at his belt, Dougherty is able to dictate his own terms to the boxing promoters.

Both Jimmy Britt and Battling Nelson may have reasons other than that of the "color line" to justify them in refusing to fight Joe Gans, but the public which pays its money to see fights will have a say in the matter, and may force the issue if the pinch comes. Naturally, in 'Frisco, which is at present the storm centre of the fighting game, the matter is being discussed more intelligently than elsewhere, and my esteemed contemporary R. L. Goldberg, of the *Bulletin*, certainly gives a reasonable analysis of the subject when he says that one or the other of the two claimants for the lightweight honors so long held by Gans should fight him before usurping his title.

When the proposition of hooking up with Herford's ex-protégé was made to the two lightweights in question they both exclaimed: "We can't afford to put a dent in our reputations by becoming associated with a negro whose past record is so unclear." That sounds very well to the righteous and pure who are unenlightened on the ins and outs of the fistie calling. True, Gans' past record is a trifle of the sandpaper. But recently he handed the insomnia cure to a man ten pounds heavier than himself in such masterly style, that we must needs admire him for what he is capable of doing and not condemn him for what he has done

THE GAME OF POKER

Is not good for the health unless you are a winner. In order to beat it study Poker; How to Win; it is the best ever. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

In the past. We have every reason to believe that he will fight on the level until he retires.

The feeling is gaining ground in sporting circles that Britt and Nelson are afraid of Gans, and that the reputation and color line gags are mere pretenses for avoiding the popular negro.

If Gans was considered an easy mark he would be pestered to death with challenges from all the white fighters in the business. They wouldn't bother about his past record or care whether his color was black, lavender or baby blue. Their sensibilities are not so



GEORGE M. COHAN AND SAM HARRIS.

The First is the Clever Young Author and Actor, and Harris is the Man who Came into Prominence as Terry McGovern's Manager.

delicately constituted. They're out to make the coin at the least expense to the anatomy.

Ambitious amateur fighters who aspire to distinction in the fistie arena will be glad to know that arrangements have been made for holding the 1906 National amateur boxing championships in San Francisco under the auspices of the Olympic A. C., but as yet the question of dates is unsettled. Negotiations are in progress with the officials in the East relative to the number of men that are eligible to take part in the tournament, and James E. Sullivan, Secretary and Treasurer of the A. A. U., has also been written concerning full data for holding the big event.

When an answer is received the directors of the Olympic Club will select the very best material to bring to the Coast. It is hoped that all the winners of titles in the event held at Boston last year will participate in the bouts in 'Frisco.

Though the Olympic Club has had Eastern boxers out there before, this year will be the first time a National championship tournament has been pulled off in San Francisco. With the best of the milt artists in the local amateur ranks entered against representatives from all of the large cities in the East, the affair will likely result in one of the most interesting of the kind ever held in the history of the Amateur Athletic Union.

The boxing game in New York is again in a very much muddled condition through a decision handed down by the Justices of the court of final jurisdiction the other day, holding that three-round boxing bouts as conducted by certain so-called athletic clubs in the city are illegal.

The opinion was delivered by Presiding Justice McKeon, who said that the payment of one dollar at the door as "club dues" was merely a subterfuge and was

clearly an evasion of the law which makes it a misdemeanor to charge an admission fee to a boxing bout. The money so paid was not a fee, he held, but the price of admission to a prize fight, which was plainly forbidden by law.

The decision was rendered in a test case. The defendants were Kid Fabian, Jim Connor, Harry Cohen (known as Kid Griffe) and William Cullen. The four fighters were arrested in a raid.

Looks as if there would ere long be a bona fide match to decide the fatherweight championship of the world. Abe Attell, the owner of the American featherweight championship, is willing to meet Harry Harris, who beat Pedlar Palmer, in a twenty-round bout at 122 pounds ringside, for a side bet of \$5,000, and a purse to be offered by the Tuxedo Club. Harris, when he heard the news said he would not be willing to have the weight named by Attell at ringside, but would agree to weigh in at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the bout. A compromise may be arranged whereby the fighters will weigh in at 5 o'clock on the evening of the bout.

Indefatigable as he always is in the pursuit of the nimble dollar, Charles E. (Parson) Davies, is in New Orleans at the head of a new amusement company that has been incorporated under the laws of Louisiana. They have a capital of \$50,000 and expect to transform the Athletic Park into a fairyland of amusement. The incorporators of the company are: Charles E. (Parson) Davies, Arthur B. Leopold, J. Loyocans, Anthony Paterno, Jr., Gus Lehman, Jr., W. Swartz, S. Cloina and Captain Lewis.

They have already begun to work on the decorating and improvement of the park.

Captain Lewis, the promoter of the Boer War at St. Louis, and Parson Davies are at the head of the scheme. Lewis is known as a man who does things, and has gone to work with his usual vim and energy. He has great faith in the location of Athletic Park, and expects

MODERN BOXING VERSUS BARE KNUCKLES

**Present Style is Child's Play Compared
With Former Way.**

Some old-time fight followers got together the other night and were criticizing the New York City authorities for putting a stop to the three-round boxing bouts which up to a week or so ago were permitted in private clubs, when up spoke Tommy Ryan.

"People who jump on boxing—as now conducted—and howl about its brutality, ought to have seen mills of the skin-glove days." And Thomas ought to know whereof he speaks.

"When I first came out," says Tom, "it was nearly all bush fighting and with the little gloves. In those days men trained for bush events much longer than now, and pickled themselves like rocks. They had need to. After a long fight with skin-tights a man's face looked like a Hamburg steak."

Fearful punishment was usually exchanged. The men of that time were dead game, and stood to the guns 40 and 50 rounds, bleeding like pigs, blind as bats, and only asking a chance to reach the other fellow.

These bouts were usually long, because the boys hated to take full-arm swings; and simply cut and stabbed with their thinly covered hands. A wild swing with those little gloves meant a broken hand or wrist, as a rule, and so the fighters worked cruelly, but slowly.

"I had a lot of long fights, mostly with men whom I think I could have easily smothered in a hurry with big gloves. Danny Needham, for instance, I fought him all night, and if the gloves had been large enough to permit free boxing and chance taking I ought to have landed him in six rounds."

"One of the greatest men with those little gloves was Ike Weir. He cut his men to ribbons, and seldom got hit in the process. When the era of fat gloves came Weir cut little ice, and was often beaten. He was not as good as he had been, of course, but I still think he could have held his own under the old style of fighting."

"Nowadays, they say it is brutal when two young fellows whack for six rounds with fat gloves. Some of those holier-than-thou boys ought to have climbed through wire fences and sand piles to see me and Con Doyle, or Ike Weir and Frank Murphy, or Tommy White and Billy Brennan."

"They ought to have seen those tiny gloves flying, blood jumping at every blow, men blinded and groping around the ring, and the fights lasting clear up to morning. Fine business, yes? Say, modern pugilism resembles the old thing as much as a child's pony does a grizzly bear."

ERNE A CHOPPING BLOCK.

Jimmy Gardiner, of Lowell, made an impressive first appearance at the Washington Sporting Club, Philadelphia, Feb. 5, when he stopped Young Erne, thought to be a legitimate aspirant for the lightweight championship, in the fifth round. It was not so much the fact that he lost as it was the way in which he was beaten that roused the souls of the loyal Quaker rooters.

Gardiner was under a pull all the way. He never tried to extend himself until the middle of the third round, when his efforts were so obviously humane that the referee, in deference to the vociferous request of the spectators, gave Gardiner a brief but eloquent line of talk. By this time Erne was a flaccid derelict. He had no idea of time, distance or space, and simply threw his hands around in a wild way, completely nonplussing Gardiner.

Erne was simply a receiver, and it would have been an act of humanity had Gardiner landed one clean punch and settled the affair.

BOUTS ON IN PITTSBURG.

Seven six-round fights were held at Pittsburg, Pa., on Feb. 7, in the Eighteenth Regiment Armory, and by having some knockouts the fighting was all finished at 1 A. M.

Jack Blackburn and Gunther fought like bulldogs, and had the laws permitted a decision at the end of the sixth round it would have gone to Blackburn, as he did the best work. As it was, both men were tired and glad to call it a draw.

Frank Carsey is the Chicago lad who masqueraded as Kid Beebe, and knocked out Kid Brock, of Cleveland, some time ago at Sharon, and much was expected of him, but he could not put Carter, the local man, out. There were rounds when the local man more than held Carsey even. About 1,500 people saw the bouts.

YOUNG OTTO HAD THE WALLOP.

Young Otto, whose real name is Arthur Suskind, knocked out Tommy Mowatt, the Fighting Conductor, of Chicago, after fifteen seconds of fighting in the first round of what was scheduled to be a three-round exhibition, at the stag of the Long Acre A. C., on Feb. 6.

Mowatt was given a two-minute rest and came back for the second round. Otto boxed for a few seconds, and then suddenly shifted and planted another swing on Mowatt's jaw. Tommy promptly hit the carpet, and as he was unable to get up, the referee stopped the bout.

Howard Smith, of Elizabeth, N. J., easily outpointed Tony Straub. Jack Nelson and Jimmy Murtha fought a fast bout. In the first round Murtha had a shade the better of the going, but in the next two rounds Nelson fought his man to a standstill.

In the other bouts Bert Keyes, of Philadelphia, bested Alex Dunsbeath, Al Cary put George Chambers out in the first round of their go, Kid Black won from Tom Conley, and Young Jones and Young Lenny boxed a good draw.

THE BEST ON THE MARKET.

The Science of Boxing, by James J. Corbett. It contains 46 full-page illustrations, how to train, and a full course of lessons. Price only 10 cents; postage 3 cents extra.

INFORMATION BUREAU OPEN

—WE ANSWER INTRICATE QUESTIONS—

FOR GAZETTE READERS

If You Wish to Know Anything About Pugilism, Athletics,
Yachting, Racing or Trotting, Ask Us.

DON'T HESITATE TO SEND A LETTER OF INQUIRY.

We Like to Air Our Knowledge and Are Always Pleased to Give You Accurate
Information to Settle Various Wagers.

R. L. Williams, New Orleans.—A wins.
J. A. O'D., New York.—Gans is the champion.
D. H., New York.—Your question has been answered.
I. R. T., Cleveland, O.—He is not dead, and very much alive.
W. T. A., Caruthersville, Mo.—See answer to Caruthersville, Mo.
D. A. G., Casper, Wyo.—No such book on crooked gambling is printed.
E. B. Taylor, Greensburg, Ind.—Sorry we cannot furnish you the photos.
F. J. Y., Utica, N. Y.—What nationality is Aurelio Herrera?.....A Mexican.
L. S., Roseville, O.—We do not deal in coins; write to a dealer for a premium list.
W. A. R., Charleston, S. C.—Write to Secretary of the Interior, Washington, D. C.
W. P. L., Griffin, Ga.—Write to Secretary of the Interior Department, Washington, D. C.
A. R., Fort Hancock, N. J.—Write to Al Spink, St. Louis, Mo., for full particulars of the game.
F. C., Horseshoe, N. Y.—What is the world's record for horseshoeing?.....No official record.
W. R., Clinton, Mass.—A bets Abe Attell is a Hebrew; B bets he is not?.....He is a Hebrew.
P. W., The Dalles, Ore.—What is Oscar Matthew Battling Nelson's nationality?.....Danish descent.
A. J. R., New York.—See "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for bicycle records; send six-two cent stamps.
W. A. R., Fargo, N. D.—What is Sammy Smith's right name?.....That is the only name we know him by.
H. H. C., Columbia, S. C.—When did John L. Sullivan have his last fight with Jake Kilrain?.....July 8, 1889.
R. S., Walsenburg, Colo.—Being born in Ireland wouldn't make the son any less a negro if his parents were negroes.
O. P., Rochester, N. Y.—Donovan denies that it was he who met Lemmel. Someone masquerading under his name.
J. H., Osceola Mills, Pa.—See "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for O'Brien's complete record; six two-cent stamps.
L. W., Brooklyn.—Were there ever two Oscar Gardners in the pugilistic business and were both called Omaha Kids?.....No.
Subscriber, San Francisco, Cal.—Dr. L. bets that McCaffrey was first to knock down J. L. Sullivan in the prize ring; Dr. B bets he wasn't?.....Charley Mitchell enjoys that distinction.

J. S., Waterbury, Conn.—Who was the man that rode the fastest mile on a bicycle behind a railroad train?.....Charles Murphy.
J. F. M., Fort Hamilton, N. Y.—Flanagan is the champion, see "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for records; six two-cent stamps.
R. L., Racine, Wis.—Was it Kid Sullivan or Mike (Twin) Sullivan that fought Nelson in the East?.....It was Kid Sullivan who fought him.
F. E. W., Minneapolis.—Is there official time kept of football games between universities?.....Yes, the official scorer keeps such a record.
C. T. MacG., Fort Riley, Kan.—In what round was Al Kauffman knocked out in his fight with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien?.....Seventeenth.
F. M., New York.—What did Joe Gans get for his end, and what did Mike Sullivan get; and what did the house make?.....That is a private matter; write to the manager of the club.
W. G., Clyde, O.—A bets B a quarter that B has not got a quarter; how many quarters does B have to have to win?.....One when the bet is made; a bet is a verbal transaction.
M. W., Kansas City, Mo.—Where can I get George Munroe's record? Have you got Kid Hubert's picture?.....1. Publication of George Munroe's record has been discontinued. 2. No.
J. H. R., De Pere, Wis.—Why is it that John L. Sullivan was not champion of the world?.....Read the back numbers of the "Police Gazette." Explanation has appeared frequently.
F. H. W., Chicago.—Was James Britt given the credit of a knockout over Jabez White in his fight last Spring in San Francisco? Was Jack O'Brien given credit for a knockout over Bob Fitzsimmons in their last fight at San Francisco?.....1. No. 2. No.
E. F. W., Somersworth, N. H.—I have been informed that there was at one time a prize fighter by the name of Weeden?.....Yes; he and a man named Walker fought a finish fight in New Jersey about twenty years ago and one of them was killed.
A. S., West Hoboken, N. J.—Euchre; A is dealing cards, and gave B 6 cards; after A has taken in 3 tricks B discovered he had 6 cards; A having 2 aces in hand and would have taken in all tricks; each had two points to go out; A claimed the game?.....Misdeal.
E. P., Delta, O.—A is banking the following dice game: He charges 25 cents to play; the players must shake 25 aces or more in 25 shakes, using 5 dice each shake; if the player is successful in shaking 25 aces or more he receives \$1 from the banker. B is playing; C, a spectator, makes a proposition to pay A (the banker)

25 cents, and in case B wins, C is to receive \$1 the same as B; A refuses C's money, claiming that this would lessen his percentage; C claims that the percentage for the banker would be the same?.....Percentage is the same.

Anxious Readers, Fort McIntosh, Tex.—By the time Harry got through with his automobile it was a dealer in second-hand metal for enough to get a new front, three cocktails and a pack of cigarettes.—Ike Swift.

O. K., San Francisco, Cal.—A's throw of aces wins.

G. D., Girard, Ill.—Typographical error. Five rounds is right.

J. J. L.—Write to H. G. Crickmore, Jockey Club, Windsor Arcade, New York City.

Atlas, Detroit.—That is the name of a shoe manufacturer on Union Square, New York.

J. M., Brooklyn.—Can you tell me where Jim Mace is?.....Last heard of him he was in Australia.

Ray, Sydney, C. B.—Who held the lightweight championship (boxing) on Nov. 2, 1906?.....Joe Gans.

H. R., Louisville.—Was any picture taken of the recent O'Brien and Fitzsimmons fight? Who was the referee?.....L. No. 2. Eddie Graney.

Harry Goldberg, Chicago.—H bets S that Dempsey was knocked out by Fitzsimmons; S says they were given a draw?.....He was knocked out....See ad. below.

A. H. S., Jersey City.—I know a boy 16 years old weighing 90 pounds; height, 5 feet 4 inches; he wants to be a jockey; can he become one?.....Might, if he doesn't grow any bigger.

J. P. W., Brooklyn.—The Atlantic Club defeated the Chelsea, of the Eastern District, on the Capitoline grounds May 4, 1874, by a score of 22 to 1. The Amateur Flyaways got the best of the Atlantics on the same grounds, May 7, 1874. Score 12 to 11. The Atlantics played their first professional game of that year on the Union grounds with the Baltimores, and won, score 24 to 3.

G. J. P., Humboldt, Pa.—A bets that Tom Sharkey is the richest fighter in the world?.....We believe he is, but Philadelphia Jack O'Brien is a good second.

J. E., Chicago.—A bets J that a girl doesn't become of age until she is 21; J bets that she becomes of age at 18, according to the United States laws, barring State laws?.....21 is the legal age of male and female alike.

P. J. R., New York.—A says that John L. Sullivan is the champion of the world; B says he is not? B says Jeffries is not the champion of the world; A says yes?.....1. B wins. 2. He is the retired champion.

J. M., Babylon, L. I.—The South Side League was represented in 1904 by clubs from Freeport, Rockville Centre, Hempstead and Cedarhurst. The Freeport

Athletic Club won the pennant for that year. The league is not now in existence, but is likely to be revived.

A and B., Minneapolis, Minn.—A bets that if Terry McGovern beats Battling Nelson in their coming bout he, McGovern, would be lightweight champion; B bets McGovern will have to defeat Young Corbett also to



Photo by Newman: New York.

NIBBE AND BORDOUX.

They have an Act in Vaudeville which they call "The Man with the Broom," and it's Worth Seeing.

claim the title; who wins?.....1. He would not. 2. No, but he would have to defeat Joe Gans.
T. F., Hegewisch, Ill.—Did George Gardner fight Jack Root since he, Gardner, fought Fitzsimmons?.....He met Jack Root twice after he fought Fitzsimmons.

TATTOOING

Machines, Colors, Stencils, Designs, etc., for sale. Send for price list. Smith & Howard, 153 Court St., Boston.

A CARD AUTHORITY.

If you want the real thing get Fox's Revised Hoyle's Games. It is the best published. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra.
Richard K. Fox, Publisher, New York City.

FOR SALE tattooing machines, different colors, designs, stencils, needles, etc., best and lowest prices. Prof. Wagner, 223 1/2 Bowery, New York.

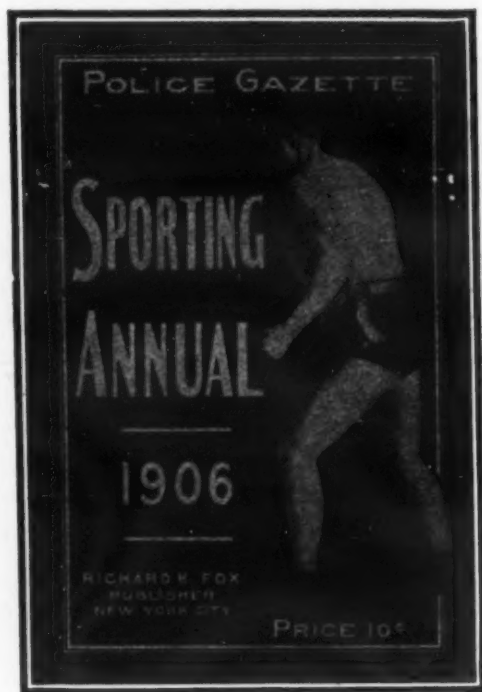
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A course of Practical Instruction at home or at our schools in Plumbing or Bricklaying. "The Best Trades in the World," enables you to earn these wages.
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BROOKLYN, WHO CHALLENGES.



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THE MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT OF ONE OF THE
LEADING BARBERS IN CLEVELAND, O.



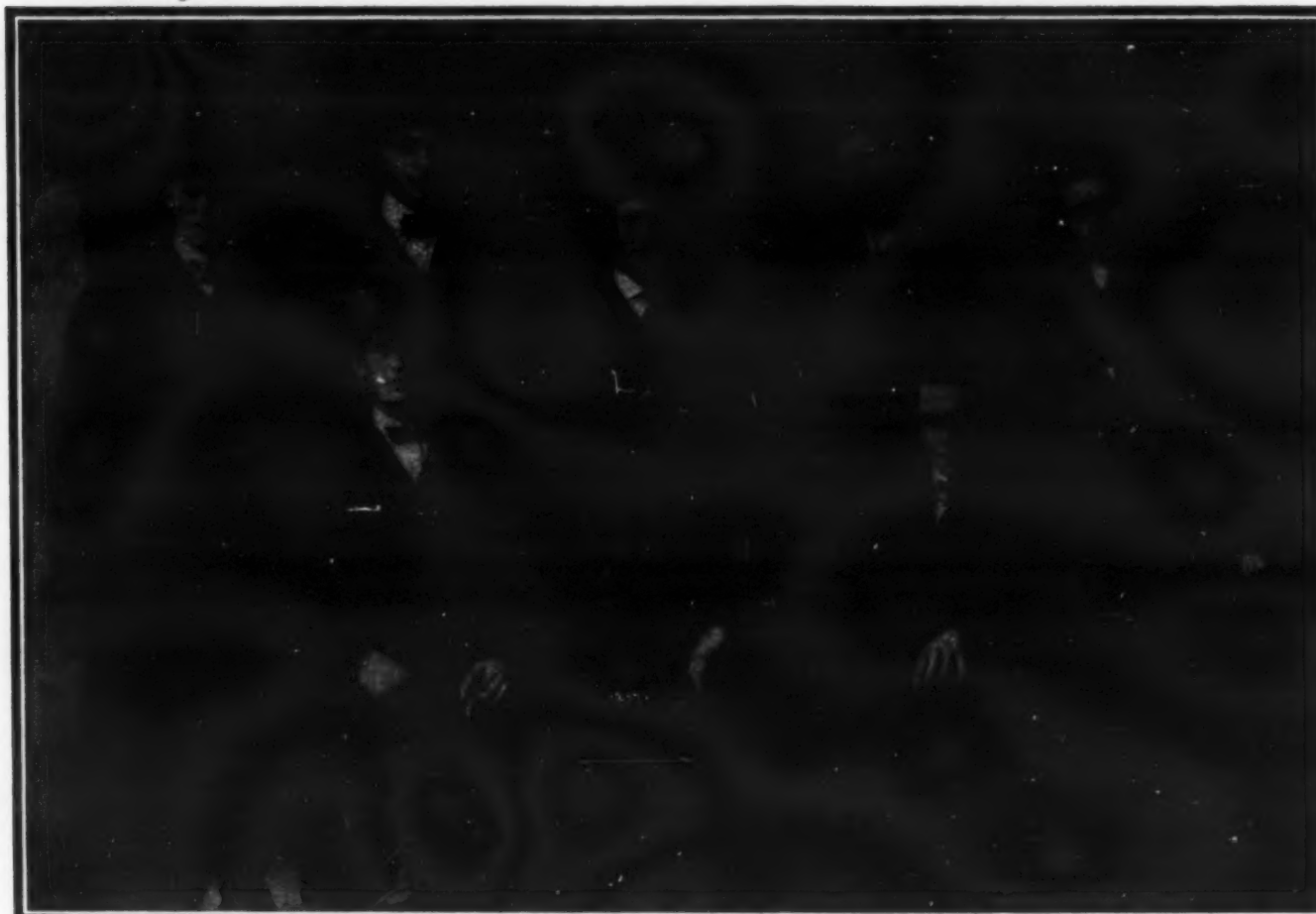
ED ROWAN.
140-POUND BOXER OF SHENANDOAH, PA., WHO WILL
BOX ANY MAN FOR A BIG SIDE BET.



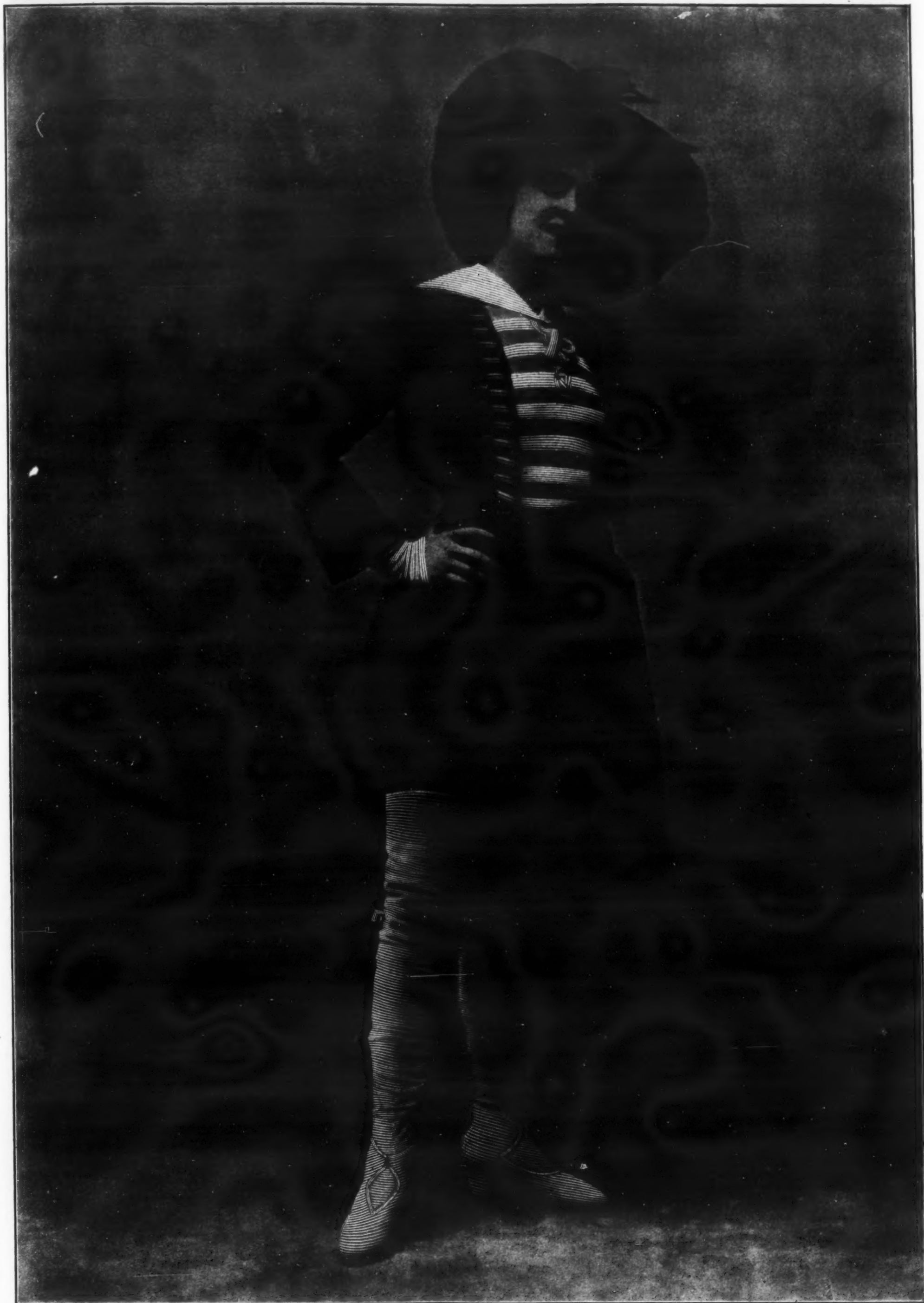
JAMES CANNON.
WELL-KNOWN JOCKEY WHO IS NOW
RIDING IN THE SOUTH.



CYRE CAMPBELL.
A GRAFTON, N. D., BOY MADE
STRONG BY ATTILA'S BOOK.



MEMBERS OF THE OLSIE CLUB.
THIS ORGANIZATION IS COMPOSED OF THE LEADING AND MOST INFLUENTIAL
SPORTING MEN OF THE TOWN OF GRAFTON, NORTH DAKOTA.



EDNA MAY.

CLEVER AND SHAPELY ACTRESS, WELL KNOWN ON TWO CONTINENTS, WHO IS NOW STARRING IN THIS COUNTRY IN "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON."

A POPULAR SALOONIST

Wise Bartenders will Get Good Tips in This Column.



Charles Mierzinsky, of 923 Vernon Ave., Long Island City, is perhaps the most popular saloonist in that section of Greater New York. He enjoys the friendship of many prominent men in that locality, and by his courtesy to his patrons has established a well paying business. Mr. Mierzinsky is very much interested in athletic events.

TRY AND WIN A VALUABLE MEDAL.

How are your brains?

Try yourself out on a new recipe.

It isn't asking very much, and every legitimate recipe sent in, if it is accompanied by the name and address of the sender, will be printed in its turn in this column.

It's a pretty, poor, stupid, unambitious sort of a man who will not try to win a valuable prize, when it costs him nothing but a little mental effort. Brains need exercise, just the same as muscles.

Here are the incentives:

FIRST PRIZE—\$75.00 Gold Medal.

SECOND PRIZE—\$50.00 Gold Medal.

THIRD PRIZE—\$25.00 Gold Medal.

It is a simple matter to compete.

Send in a recipe for a new drink.

It will be filed away, and then all that have been received will be passed upon by an expert, and the three which are judged the best will each receive a gold medal.

Not silver nor bronze, but solid gold.

That point alone is worth your attention.

MOXIE HIGHBALL.

(By Robert A. Manze, Star Cafe, Utica, N. Y.)

Use highball glass; one lump of ice; three-quarters of Moxie and a half whiskey glass of Blossom Club Rye. Serve with lemon peel.

A MANN BALL.

(By Tony, St. Mary's Hotel, Bronx.)

Bar glass shaved ice; pony Bourbon whiskey; pony Porter; two dashes bitters; shake well and serve in small glass.

THE STARTER.

(By R. R. Rothermel, Lafayette Hotel, Allentown, Pa.)

Use large bar glass, one egg, one spoon sugar, one dash lemon, one pony brandy, one pony Port wine, cracked ice, shake and strain in fizz glass, top off with seltzer and serve.

SEA BREEZE.

(By John Hughes, Woodland, Cal.)

One figger Waite's Wild Cherry Tonic; one figger of whiskey or gin or brandy; one or two cubes of ice; fill with siphon; use four or six-ounce glass. The color should be pink, if it is dark it will be too strong and spoil the flavor. You can serve it with a straw or drink while effervescing if siphon and whiskey is cold.

BUTTERFLY.

(By F. W. N., Brooklyn, N. Y.)

Two spoons powdered sugar; one fresh squeezed lime or lemon, according to taste; yolk one fresh egg; ordinary drink whiskey. Use a mixing goblet, fill with clear lump ice above top. Shake well and turn over with the shaker on top; take the shaker off and your drink will be creamy. Then dress with fruit, half a slice of orange, half a slice of pineapple, or lemon with the peel on, a strawberry or large blackberry in the centre; place straws on each side, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve.

BALDWIN AND FORBES DRAW.

The weekly entertainment of the Summit A. C., New York, on Feb. 9, furnished some lively boxing, and the bout between Clarence Forbes, of Chicago, and Matty Baldwin was well worth the price of admission.

The first round was Baldwin's. He drew blood from Forbes and inflicted some serious punishment. He had Forbes guessing, but the latter was able to take advantage

Hammer the Hammer

and convince yourself that it is not one of the rank and file of the "went-off-by-accident" kind. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating"; the proof in this case is in the trying.

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cannot be discharged unless you pull the trigger. It is so constructed that the hammer cannot possibly come in contact with the firing pin unless the trigger is pulled all the way back—true of no other revolver.

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Hammer, \$5.00

Hammerless, \$6.00

Look for our name on the barrel and the owl's head on the grip.

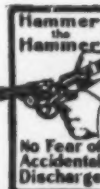
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tage of the constant coaching of his seconds, and seemed to get a line on Matty's method of attack.

Forbes came back strong in the second round and fought Baldwin stoutly, giving and taking. If he had landed some of his wild swings the tale would have had a different ending. Matty, however, was too clever for that. They mixed it up in lively fashion, and Matty got home with some telling blows, but evidently had not energy to follow up his advantages. Forbes evened up matters by swinging an awful left to Baldwin's eye, causing that organ to turn black.

William Poulton had the better of Jack Kenny. Jack Doyle knocked out Jack Ryan in the first round.

Jimmy Kelly was outclassed by George Genter and the bout was stopped. Jack Goodney, the Champion Newboy, then went on with Genter, who evidently thought he had another good thing, but he met his Waterloo in just about a minute, being laid cold by Goodney.

GOTCH THREW THREE MEN.

In a handicap wrestling match at Rochester, N. Y., on Feb. 6, Frank Gotch, of Iowa, threw Charles Kaiser, George Gray and Con Albright, all of Rochester, twice each in forty-six minutes and twelve seconds. Kaiser made the best showing, staying 29 1/2 minutes.

SALOON SUPPLIES.

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BAR KEEPERS' FRIEND

Pound box 25c. at Druggists and Dealers. Highest Award. Chicago World's Fair, 1893, Louisiana Purchase Exposition, 1904.

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16x20 CRAYONS 25 cents. Water Color 30 cents. Samples and Catalogue Free. Berlin Artists Ass'n, 522 State St., Chicago.

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MONEY S. S. S. WRITE TO. **E. J. BEHR, LA CROSSE, WIS.**

PHOTO of myself from life, for 2 dimes. Address **Miss Carrie Weber, Box 357, Boston, Mass.**

French Art souvenir post cards, 12 for 25 cents. Lists free. **Universal Souvenir Ex., Rossmoyne, O.**

BOOKS rare and realistic. Send stamp for catalogue. **Ross Co., 371 Dearborn St., Chicago.**

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BOWERY LIFE

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32 Illustrations. **PRICE 25 cts.**

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35 Half-tone Illustrations.

30 Lessons.

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PERSONAL.

12 LOVE LETTERS read two ways and bound to suit, 10c. postpaid, 6 Secret Photos, 10 cents postpaid; Rare Collection of 14 pictures of a couple before and after marriage, with a mass of other interesting matter, 10 cents postpaid, or everything described in this advertisement for 25 cents postpaid. **JOHN H. HARRIS, Dept. F.C. 168 Hamilton Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

CHARMING LADIES of the highest character with WEALTH wish to correspond with gentlemen with or without means with view to matrimony. Will help husbands financially. Write at once to **MISS HART, Dept. 719, 54 Wabash, Chicago.**

MARRY WEALTH BEAUTY. Marriage Directory **FREE.** Pay when married. Entirely new plan. Send no money for par's. Select Club, Dept. 23, Tekonsha, Mich.

Handsome Young Lady, worth \$25,000, wants acquaintance of honorable gentleman; early marriage; no objections to poor man if honest. Address **MRS. W., 607 Fulton Street, Chicago.**

10,000 ARE ANXIOUS TO GET MARRIED Many Rich. Big lists, pictures & photos **FREE.** The **PILOT, 42, 168 Hamilton Ave., Chicago.**

OUR CUPIDS LOVE CHARM is what you want. Write and maintain the love of another. Win who you like: either sex, young or old, quick, lasting, sure. Write full. No money. Package with full directions 10c. 7 for 25c. **BOX 4, HURLEYVILLE, N.Y.**

TRUE LOVE KNOTS Just published. Contains the BEST solutions for LOVE LETTERS. Various, etc., 10 cents postpaid. **ROYAL CO., Dept. 60, BROOKLYN, N.Y.**

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Marriage Paper Best Published **FREE.** **THE CORRESPONDENT, Toledo, Ohio.**

WEALTHY ladies and gentlemen of refinement, anxious to marry; photographs and descriptions free. **P. N. BOX 7, CANON CITY, COLO.**

Very Wealthy Young Widow wishes to correspond with view to matrimony; no objection to poor man if honest. **BOX 98, HARVEY, ILL.**

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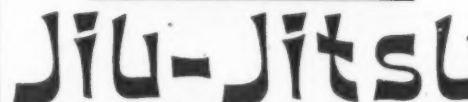
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Salvatore Crisa, of 54 Franklin St., Norwich, Conn., is an expert tonsorialist who handles the razor and shears like a veteran. He has many friends in the Nutmeg State, and is a member of many societies and clubs, and is also fond of athletics.

DIETJEN WON POLICE GAZETTE BOWLING TROPHY.

The annual contest for the POLICE GAZETTE bowling championship medal was held recently at Joe Thum's White Elephant Bowling Alleys, Broadway and Thirty-first street, New York.

This annual contest is looked forward to each year with the greatest interest by the bowlers of Greater New York and vicinity. The handsome, solid gold, diamond-encrusted medal, has been on exhibition at the alleys for some time and has won the admiration of all.

More than 300 bowlers, many of the best bowlers in the world, have endeavored to capture the coveted medal this year. Mr. Dietjen, of the Williamsburg Bowling Club is the winner of this year's championship, he having rolled 58, being but two pins short of a perfect score. Sam Roberts, of the Spartan Bowling Club, also rolled 58, but finished with two strikes while his competitor finished with three perfect hits.

Kemler, of the Rosedale Bowling Club, was third, with 57. Junge, of the same bowling club finished fourth, and Perry, of the Spartan Bowling Club fifth.

Halftone Photographs.

The picture on another page of Arthur C. Porter, a barber, of 167 Burton street, Cleveland, O., shows what a man can do for himself. Mr. Porter is a physical marvel, as the photograph will demonstrate.

The members of the Dodge Baseball Club, of Mishawaka, Ind., are all employees of the Dodge Manufacturing Company, and are the amateur champions of Northern Indiana. George M. Raab, the energetic manager, would be pleased to hear from team managers of Illinois, Indiana, Michigan or Ohio.

Writing from Grafton, North Dakota, Herb Carruthers, a well-known citizen of that city, says: "I am sending you the photograph of Cyre Campbell. Six months ago he was a weak boy. He bought Attila's five-pound dumbbell book, published by Richard K. Fox, and to-day he is a wonder." [The price of the book is ten cents, and what the exercises have done for Campbell they will do for anyone.]

BEEBE HAD IT ON LOVE.

Kid Beebe, of Philadelphia, defeated Tommy Love of the same city in a six-round bout before the National Sporting Club, at Wilmington, Del., on Feb. 7. It was a hard battle from start to finish, with Beebe the better man throughout. He was especially clever at infighting, and at no time did he clinch.

Love sustained a broken nose in a fight in Philadelphia a short time ago, and Beebe made the injured member his objective point. Both men were on their feet at the finish and were in shape to continue.

Young Britt, of Wilmington, made a punching bag of Harry Russell, of Philadelphia, knocking him down three times in the third round. In the fourth round Russell was knocked out by a left and right in succession to the jaw.

TIM CALLAHAN GOT HIS.

The windup at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, on Feb. 8, was between Kid Gleason and Tim Callahan, and kept the large turnout on edge until the finish. The first two rounds were a little tame, both men being afraid to lead, but the Kid showed up well and had the better of the bout.

Short jabs to Callahan's stomach in the third had a bad effect on him, as he started to show a weakness. Gleason landed a right swing on Callahan's face in the fourth that staggered him.

The last two rounds found Gleason in the lead again. Gleason had the best of the infighting.

In the semi-windup Eddie Haney had the best of Eddie Chambers after six hard rounds. On account of a bad wrist Eddie Pay quit to Fred Welsh in the fifth. Jow Duffy knocked out Joe Rogers in the fourth, and Young Thell put it all over Hugh McCann in six rounds.

BARBER SUPPLIES.

BARBERS.—Write enclosing card for Free Bottle. **MURINE EYE TONIC.** Please patrons "The Morning After." Makes Weak Eyes Strong. Brings "Tins." Always FREE for Barbers' use. **Druggists sell at 50 cents.** **MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO.**

My intimate acquaintance with the great merit of MURINE EYE REMEDY comes from its cure of a severe case of Sore Eyes in my family, after considerable effort and failure in other directions. Now we are never without MURINE at home. In my Barber Shop, we have used MURINE for two years as an Eye Tonic, with most pleasing and profitable results, both to ourselves and our customers. It is a valuable accessory to my business. We apply it without charge, yet invariably it brings returns that pay "Tins." **Jan. 9th, 1906.** **JOHN BERNHARD, Prop.** Sunset Barber Shop, 626 Market St., San Francisco.

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FOR THE RAZOR KNIGHT.

The best shell strop made, 2 1/2 x 24 inches. It's right or your money back. Sent on your say so. \$1.00 is the price; 2 1/2 inches wide 75 cents. **H. C. HAYNES RAZOR STROP CO., 56 WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.**

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WE don't talk much about it because it speaks for itself, but we wish you to give it a trial.

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FACT THREE—The Cook Remedy Co. has many patients who were cured by its magic remedy eighteen years ago, who are to-day sound and well.

FACT FOUR—Many patients that were cured by the Cook Remedy Co. eighteen years ago now have children grown to manhood and womanhood in perfect health and without a blemish.

FACT EIGHT—Good health is the most important thing in the world to any person.

ABOVE EIGHT FACTS ARE ABSOLUTELY UNDENIABLE. The Cook Remedy Co. solicits the most obstinate cases. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. For many years the Cook Remedy Co. have made a specialty of treating this disease, and they have unlimited capital behind their unconditional guaranty.

You can be treated at home for the same price and with the same guaranty. With those who prefer to go to Chicago the Cook Remedy Co. will contract to cure them or pay railroad and hotel bills and make no charge if they fail to cure.

Syphilis begins usually with a little blister or sore, then swelling in the groins, a red eruption breaks out on the body, sores and ulcers appear in the mouth, the throat becomes ulcerated, the hair, eyebrows and lashes fall out, and as the blood becomes more contaminated,

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FACT SEVEN—If you take Cook Remedy Co.'s treatment under their guarantee you are absolutely sure of a cure or your money back.

FACT EIGHT—Good health is the most important thing in the world to any person.

ABOVE EIGHT FACTS ARE ABSOLUTELY UNDENIABLE.

copper-colored spots and pustular eruptions and sores appear upon different parts of the body, and the poison even destroys the bones. The Cook Remedy Co. has a specific for this loathsome disease, and cures it even in its worst forms. It is a perfect antidote for the powerful virus that pollutes the blood and penetrates to all parts of the system. Unless you get this poison out of your blood it will run you and bring disgrace and disease upon your children, for it can be transmitted from parent to child.

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IN BOTTLES OR CAPSULES.

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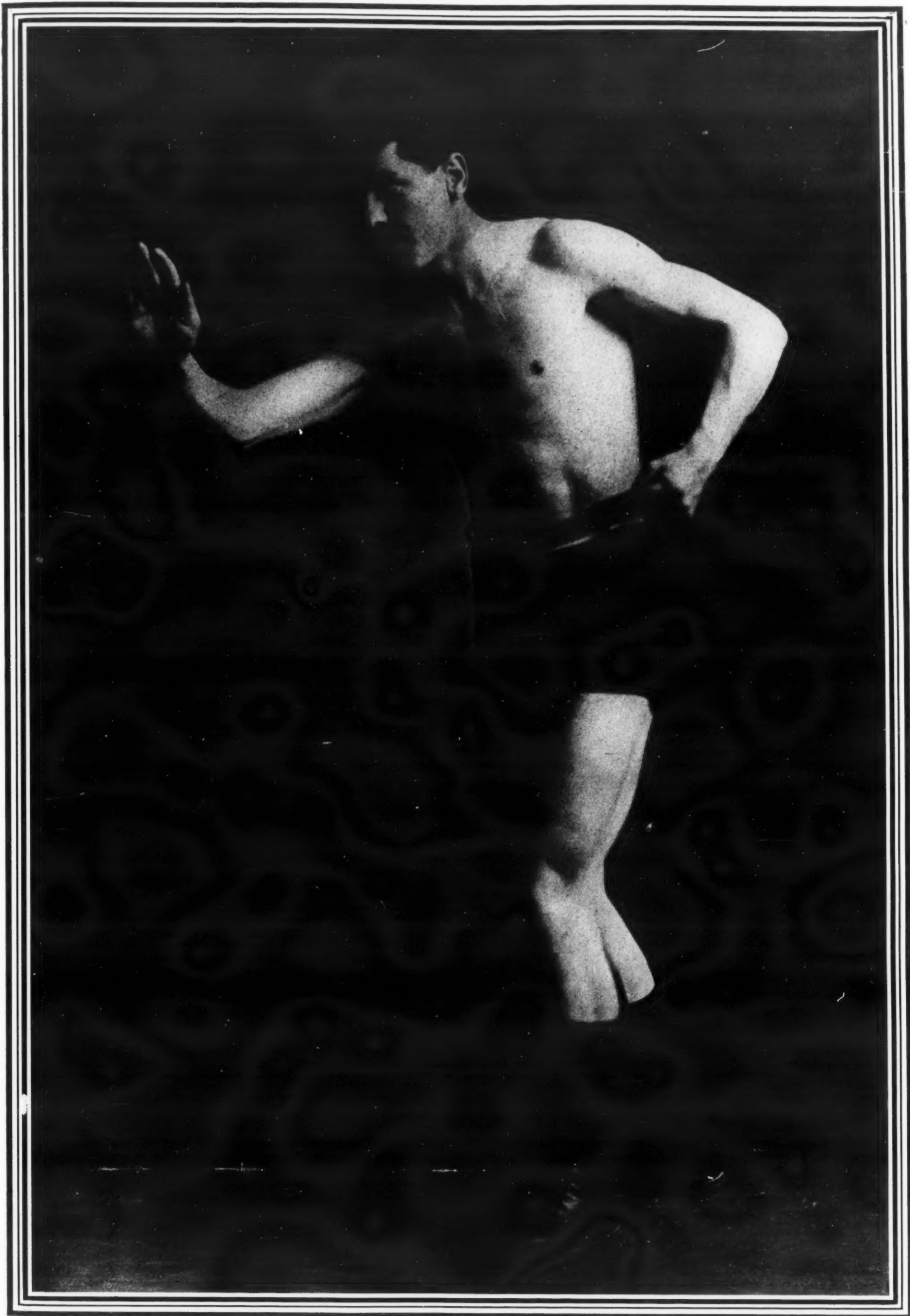
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